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THE
MUSE REVIVED ;
OR, A SELECTION OF
POEMS & SONGS,

(*Never before Published ;*)

TOGETHER

WITH A SPECIMEN OF THE FORTHCOMING
MARTINMAS MARKET.

By JOHN MACRAE,
Author of Original Poems and Songs.

"Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd—thy courage elate."

CAMPBELL.

Emberness :

PRINTED BY ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH,
Foot of Castle Street.

1828.

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Preface.

THE Author acknowledges, with the most unfeigned and heartfelt gratitude, the great and unmerited kindness he has experienced from his countrymen, by their subscription to the Metrical Effusion, entitled "MARTINMAS MARKET;" and he now submissively takes this liberty of announcing to them, that in consequence of his not having as yet obtained a competent number of Subscribers, to defray the expence attendant on its publication, "Martinmas Market" cannot make its appearance before the month of August next, when it shall positively be produced.

The object of throwing the present small impression on the protection of his liberal patrons, is solely with a view to fulfil his engagements with the public. He is fully aware that his present offering is full of imperfections, and comes far short of what he could

have wished to present to his friends. 'But he feels that he stands in need of, and hopes to receive their indulgence ; while he trusts, that the motives of the undertaking will partly compensate for the deficiencies of its execution.

" Go, then, lone wanderer of the Northern Isles."

Kessock Street, Inverness, }
24th March, 1828. }

THE
MUSE REVIVED.

The Prison.

" Give me back the liberty I lost."
SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGH simple is my verse,
Though gloomy be my theme,
I'd rather view the hearse,
Than sing the house of shame—
Where debtors pent, are discontent,
Where pines the thief, in hardened grief—
Where sin and misery shine.

How can they breathe in darken'd cell,
Whose minds with varying passons swell,
Resembling regions dark as hell,
Where horrid fiends and devils dwell—
Restricted there they pine.

The ruthless murd'rer tosseth there,
 The sanguine steel his thought,
 To whet and wield it was his care—
 Indulgence dearly bought !
 Encompass'd round, he's caught, and bound—
 Convuls'd he stands with gory hands,
 And quivering with affright ;
 His future days are void of rays—
 Dark as December night :
 The guilt-struck mortal no more brags
 Of downy bed, for now the flags
 Are his matrass—his sheets, the rags
 That clothe the wo-worn wight.

How happy is the land
 Where no miscreants dwell—
 Where there is no demand
 For dark nor gloomy cell !
 How blest the soil, and void of guile,
 Whose people pure no shame endure,
 But fear the name of God !
 Their thoughts to Him sincerely soar—
 He blesses them, and guards their shore,
 He fills their basket and their store,
 Who hope to gain a blest abode.

The wicked shall repine ;
 But, Oh ! alas ! too late :
 For here they must resign
 To guilt's resistless fate.

Then cruel pains, and pond'rous chains,
Torments each mind, while here confin'd—

They groan from morn till night :
A galling load of grief they bear—
A world of thought—a world of fear ;
And conscience, monitor severe,
Disdaining every sigh and tear,
From mercy bars their sight.

Be wise, ye sons of men,
Abstain from ev'ry vice ;
Be God your guard, and then
His laws will be your choice.

Perhaps exil'd from wife and child,
Is now the man, who late began
To tread the paths of evil :
Deluded soul ! to ev'ry virtue lost,
Devoid of all that he should covet most ;
Of nought but treach'ry can he boast ;
Led on by blindness to the coast
That's govern'd by the devil.

The hours must horrible appear,
And moments seem the same ;
Each week becomes a dreary year—
Each month a tack of shame.

When others close in sweet repose,
And blameless sleep—the guilty weep
At midnight's solemn hour :
No moon illumines their dwelling here—

No sun to glad their wretched sphere ;
 All light and hope quite disappear ;
 Without a friend the gloom to cheer,
 And pitying tears to pour.

The solemn hour approacheth fast,
 The guilty now must stand ;
 The Judge presides—the Jury last
 Pronounce his doom at hand.
 His fate he hears, while floods of tears
 Flow down each cheek in torrents quick,
 While wildly roll his eyes.
 Before the Court he fainting falls ;
 On God in accents wild he calls,
 While myriads gaze within the walls ;
 The weight of conscience him appals—
 In heart no more to rise.

A few short days are fled ;
 The solemn hour draws nigh :
 And from the cell he's led,
 To swing 'twixt earth and sky.
 The wretched man, with visage wan,
 Is led among a crowded throng,
 Where numbers shuddering gaze :
 The pain is his—the sight is their's ;
 More light their minds—more light their care ;
 The criminal ascends the stair ;
 The platform gain'd, he kneels in pray'r,
 While thousands view him with amaze.

The fatal hour is come,
 Accompanied with fear ;
 A warning this to some,
 In Grace to persevere.

Be steady, wise—be virtue's prize
 Thy greatest aim ; it leads to fame,
 The gift of Heaven above.
 Be honest, affable, and just ;
 In God alone put all thy trust ;
 Abstain from murder, shame, and lust ;
 For at the last, the sinner must
 Confess, that “God is love.”

The signal sad is given—
 The wretched mortal sighs,
 Exclaiming, “Mercy, Heaven !”
 A penitent he dies.

But, ah ! his wife is tir'd of life,
 His children cries—their mother sighs—
 While clouds around her gather,
 Proclaims the source of all her grief,
 In frantic mood and accents brief—
 “ My husband, murderer and thief ;
 “ And, babes, alas ! your father !”

Whither shall she roam,
 No friend to take her hand ;
 She begs, and seeks relief
 Perchance in foreign land.
 With laden breast, and mind oppress'd,

She mourns her fate and hapless state,
 So wretched and forlorn :
 Her offspring trudge in ragged dress ;
 Their very look their state express—
 The squalled victims of distress ;
 Whom horrors with such rigour press,
 —As if to misery born.

On them the father's sins descend,
 The destitute and sad ;
 And galling thoughts their bosoms rend,
 Till bordering on mad.
 And poverty around they see,
 With nought but care how they may fare,
 And end at last their journey here :
 The dreary path they're doom'd to tread ;
 To want and woe still onward led ;
 They look in vain, and hope for bread,
 Where sympathy has long been dead,
 That might the wanderers cheer.

“ Unpitied and unknown,”
 They yield to death at last ;
 For fortune's awful frown
 O'er them has sternly past.
 Heaven's rays appear to all who hear
 Instruction's warning voice—
 To all who love in peace to move,
 And make God's law their choice :

They need not fear a doom severe,
Nor need they tear, nor sigh in fear,
But patient bear, and keep an ear
To God's law, and rejoice.

The just are never sad ;
No ! they are ever glad ;
No conscience them molest—
No cares disturb their rest ;
On earth below they're blest—
In Heaven by Saints caress'd,
High plac'd from mortal view.
In blessed sphere the good appear,
Where grief nor want pursue.
In realms above, where all is love—
Where all resound, in heav'nly sound,
The power of an immortal King ;
Their chief delight, from morn till night,
Is to adore, and more and more
His glorious praises sing.

Spring.

“ Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !
 What majesty attends night’s lovely queen !
 Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams ;
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll between.”

BEATTIE.

SEE Nature smiles around,
 The groves exulting ring ;
 The ploughman tills the ground,
 The flow’ry beauties spring.

The lark begins her strain ;
 The herds are on the hill ;
 The farmer views the plain,
 Renew’d by nature still.

The shepherd tunes his reed,
 To rural melody ;
 His flocks around him feed—
 His dog their motions see.

The ant renews her toil ;
 The snail is on the green ;
 The bee extracts her spoil
 From ev’ry flow’r that’s seen.

The rosy milk-maid sees
 The storms of winter fled ;
 And hastens, with rustic ease,
 To see the cows are fed :

The calving time is nigh,
 She watcheth late and air ;
 Sweet-milk comes by and by
 With curds, delicious fare !

The children careless range
 Thro' field and fragrant dale,
 Rejoicing at the change
 Produced by genial gale.

The butterfly takes wing ;
 But fleeting is its hour—
 Which lives but in the spring,
 To perish in the show'r :

It gaudy seems at first,
 When it attracts the view ;
 But sudden shall it burst,
 And waste like morning dew.

The robin leaves the yard
 It once resorted to ;
 When blust'ring Boreas hard
 Filled summer seats with snow :

No longer shall he stay
 About the chamber door ;
 For April tells that May
 Will better days restore.

The lambkins gay are seen—
 The black, the white, and grey;
 And on the dewy green
 Around their dams they play.

Epistle

To MR. W. MORRISON, Musician in Inverness.

I SHOULD hae wrote ye lang ere this,
 But ye maun ken there's much mair fuss
 'Mang publicans, an' sic as us,
 Than some wad trow—
 An' yet, we shouldna say amiss,
 Gif weel we do.

Gin Mistress Morrison be weel,
 An' you be fit to play a reel,
 Baith heart an' mind shall gladly feel
 Within the bard—
 Whose numbers stiffly onward wheel,
 Yet with regard.

I love thee as I love my brither :
 Thy mind, like mine, roves God knows whither ;
 For matching thee, I ken no other
 On this side Dee :
 Thy genius soars, and mauna wither
 For mirth and glee.

For mirth and glee, I do repeat,
 A nobler hand ne'er took a seat;
 In posture, easy—manly, neat,
 Thou drawest the bow—
 While keen before thee mony a feet
 Strathspeys gae through.

The fam'd Niel Gow nae doubt could play,
 As I've heard folk around me say,
 Just like thyself—he had the way
 To charm the heart
 Of noble Lord, and Lady gay,
 Wi' gracefu' art.

I'm in thy debt this mony a year,
 For what in troth ye need na spier ;
 'Tis for yon *tune**, I value dear,
 Compos'd wi' skill
 Enough to please the nicest ear,
 O'er *snishan* mill.

Then lang may you the fiddle tune,
 And may your spirits ne'er be down
 So low, but they may get aboon
 This warld o' care—
 Which burdens mony a clever loon
 Wi' troubles sair.

* Alluding to a tune which Mr. Morrison composed, a few years ago, on a snuff-mill belonging to the author, entitled "Macrae's Snuff-mill."

He maun be wae and fu' o' gloom,
 Wha'd sit wi' thee in ony room,
 An' nae start up an' crack a thumb,
 Or heat his soles ;
 He sud be rear'd by canty groom,
 'Mang ither foals.

For my ain part, I maun confess,
 Should warldly care my mind oppress,
 I ne'er yet had as muckle brass
 As could resist
 To shak' a leg to your sweet bass,
 For sic I must.

An' mair than that, tho' ne'er sae dull,
 Your music through my heart-strings thrill—
 Yea, mair than *Heleconian* rill
 It kittles me—
 An' mair than ony Highland gill
 I e'er did pree.

Then fare thee weel, “ Friend of my heart,
 Baith for thy virtue and thy art ; ”
 An', as before, still play thy part,
 Lang carry on ;
 I sud be hurt thou e'er sud smart—
 Believe me—JOHN.

The Tailor of Beaulx.

A TALE OF TRADITION.

" Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well ;
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er can be."

POPE.

AROUND the fire, in friendly chat,
The farmer and his neighbours sat ;
Long they conversed of what had been
About the kirk at midnight seen :
Each awful tale awoke their fears,
Till ev'ry spark a fire appears ;
And granny's old asthmatic hoast,
Bore all the terrors of a ghost.

" If there be ghosts, what can they do ?"
A neighbour says, " to me or you ?
" We honest folks have nought to fear."

A knock was heard. " Oh ! L——d be here !"
Around the ring in hurry flew,
And closer to the fire they drew ;
With open mouths, and lengthen'd ears,
They wish'd to hide, but shew'd their fears ;
With trembling lip the landlord said—
" The cow, to chew her cud, is laid ;
" Or gussy to the beam has broke :"
They wish'd to laugh. A second knock

Dissolv'd the charm ; their fears increas'd,
 And still more close and close they press'd.
 A third still louder than before—
 They knew the third was at the door.
 “ Wife, you are nearest, go and see
 “ If any neighbour calls for me :”
 She ask'd the rest, if it was fair
 That she should go, and Thomas there ?
 They all agreed, 'twas more beseeming
 The men should go, than send the women.

The tailor, who had been abroad,
 And knew each ale-house on the road,
 Had brought for Tommy a new suit,
 And thought they kept him long without,
 Quick drew the latch, and in he flew :
 A piercing scream escap'd the crew.
 In haste they fly to hiding holes,
 To pray in secret for their souls ;
 In hurry they impede each other,
 And knock and crack their heads together :
 Just as the brood upon the roost,
 When the sly fox disturbs their rest,
 Some dash themselves against the wall,
 Some aptly in his clutches fall.

“ Faith,” says the tailor, “ one would think,
 “ So much you tremble and you shrink,
 “ That Beauly's ghost had broken loose,
 “ And taken lodgings in your house.”

“ Is this you Will ? we got a fright,”
The landlord says, “ for all last night
“ The kirk was fill’d with such like things,
“ As those with which the country rings :
“ Now awfu’ gleams flash thro’ the kirk,
“ And now ’tis clear, and now ’tis mirk ;
“ Now moaning sad will fill the pile,
“ Then laughter’s heard for mony a mile.”

“ Tales, tales,” quo’ Will, “ I’m none of those,
“ Who think that ghosts leave their repose.
“ Now, Thomas, say what will you stake,
“ But I a pair of hose will make
“ At midnight, in the kirk alone,
“ Tho’ that the ghost should roar and groan.”

“ I’ll give you, Will, a boll of bear,
“ And four half-crowns in honest gear ;—
“ But if you fail, I nought shall pay
“ For all the clothes you’ve brought to-day.”

“ A bargain be’t—this night—I’ve thread ;
“ And ev’ry thing, in short, I need.”

The night was dark, and wind and rain
Beat round the house, but beat in vain—
No rain could pierce the thatch above,
No blast of wind a stone could move.
Quick pant the neighbours’ hearts with fear,
As midnight hour approacheth near.

With solemn face, they grave, exclaim,
 What a great sin it was, and shame,
 That man, to whom a state is given
 To angels next, that dwell in heav'n,
 Should place his soul within the pow'r
 Of wicked sprite, at midnight hour ;
 And awful 'twas, they said, indeed,
 That he should go and meet the dead.
 They all protested 'gainst the act,
 And wish'd the tailor to retract ;
 Told thousand tales, how fiends had drawn
 Men to their snare, and how, ere dawn,
 Their mangled limbs alone could tell
 The horrid fate which them befel !

The tailor had a heart of steel,
 And had no fear, nor fear could feel.
 The hour was come of dead midnight ;
 He gaily called aloud for light :
 With well-oiled lamp, and heart so stout,
 He ask'd the neighbours round about,
 If they would go the road awhile,
 And bring him to the old kirk-stile :
 Some bid him pray, and take good heed,
 While some, as gravely, bid him speed ;
 But *all* the awful task refuse,
 To stir a step beyond the house.

His fav'rite Kate, whose jet-black eye
 Gave love the watch-word and reply,

With secret step the circle leaves,
 While anger in her bosom heaves,
 To see a crowd so frail of soul,
 As fear the road, whilst Will, the whole
 Of that long night, alone must spend,
 And hold discourse with horrid fiend.

With tartan cloth, aud pocket sheers,
 The tailor and his lamp appears ;
 With out-stretch'd neck, and gaping glow'r,
 They push and press around the door :
 But none would dare the road to try—
 The hour was late, the kirk was nigh,

Will met, at length, his faithful Kate,
 And ask'd her where she went so late ?
 She answer'd—" She had ta'en a whim
 " To go and spend the night with him."—
 " It is agreed, and 'tis but right
 " That I alone should spend the night ;
 " I know the fondness of your heart—
 " But THIS, my dear, before we part."

What more then pass'd, I cannot tell ;
 But this, all Beauly knows full well,
 Ere six months' end there was a flaw,
 And ere the tenth she took the straw :
 While some weep tears, some sport and fun ;
 The stranger squeak'd—it was a SON.

But to my tale. He leaves the maid
With cautious step, but not afraid ;
He strives to shun each rough grave-stone,
Nor cares to stumble o'er a bone :
He op'd the door with manly pride—
He had no partner by his side ;
He hurl'd it back with sudden swing,
And, with the sound, the rafters ring.
His feeble lamp sent scarce a smile
Across the benches of the aisle :
With steady step he reach'd a table,
That had been cover'd o'er with sable—
Tho' some say not, 'tis my opinion
It had been us'd for the communion.
When he had cut the cloth with care,
Whistling, the while, some merry air,
A groan throughout the kirk was heard ;
But not a pin our hero car'd.
And as the groaning louder grew,
The lamp before him burning blue :
At length a scull, with hollow voice,
That had no tongue to cause the noise,
While, on the opposite pew it sat,
Without or beard, or wig, or hat—
“ See, mortal, see who is thy guest ! ”
The tailor rais'd his hand in haste,
And, planted straight before his eyes,
The speaking bone the tailor spies—
“ My head is bare, and I am old ;
“ O ! tailor, I am poor and cold.”

“ I have no time, nor words to waste ;
 “ I hear, and see—but am in haste.”

His arms and shoulders next appear,
 And to the tailor, thus, severe—
 “ My shoulders are both thin and bare ;
 “ Tailor, my shoulders claim thy care :
 “ For countless years no cov’ring warm
 “ Did e’er defend my wither’d arm.”

“ I cannot listen to thy woe,
 “ So do not frown upon me so ;
 “ For faith, and truth, the hose I’ll make,
 “ Or else I lose the goods at stake. ’

A lengthen’d body, slimly built,
 With various signs of daggers’ guilt,
 Arose upon our hero’s sight,
 And thus address’d the wond’ring wight :
 “ Hast thou no pity—can’t thou see
 “ A form so weak and frail as me,
 “ Without a plaid, thus strive in vain
 “ To shield me from the wind and rain ?
 “ Now, thro’ my ribs, with whirring song,
 “ The mountain winds their blasts prolong.”

“ My honest friend, be not offended,
 “ For now your case can scarce be mended ;
 “ And if it could, what’s that to me ?
 “ Pray, go your way, and let me be.”

And now it stands upon its feet—
A skeleton in parts complete.
“ Oh ! mortal, see me, lean and tall ;
“ Hast thou no sympathy at all ?
“ Tho’ weak and wretched, yet I see
“ No tear of pity start for me ;
“ Hast thou no remnants left of cloth,
“ By cheating, cabbaging, or both,
“ To shield my ancient feeble form
“ From summer’s sun or winter’s storm ?”

Our hero, who was near an end,
And wish’d a parting with this fiend,
With hasty hand drew ev’ry stitch,
And wish’d himself beyond his clutch.
“ Sir,” says the tailor, “ I’m not rich ;
“ And if I were, of clothes and such
“ Like useless things, what need have you ?
“ My pity for your person grew.”

With piercing shriek, thus laugh’d the fiend—
“ I spoke you thus to gain my end ;
“ I have no pow’r till this I’m grown—
“ I took a temper not my own ;
“ So now thy life is but my due.”
His task being done, the tailor flew—
And, being seated next the door,
Skimm’d lightly o’er the flagged floor ;
And as the kirk the wight forsakes,
A pouncing aim the phantom takes :

In haste to seize his prey, now gone,
 His fleshless fingers cleft the stone ;
 And even to this day, we see
 The mark of thumb and fingers* three.

The tailor won the bet, I trow,
 And nobly too, you must allow ;
 He got the bear, and all the rest
 As promis'd, and herein express'd.
 Then as you pass by Beauly Kirk,
 In morning clear, or ev'ning mirk,
 Be you prudent man, or railer,
 Call to mind the *Beauly Tailor*.

The Provoked Husband, TO HIS DRUNKEN WIFE.

“ Whisky mak's ilk wife a deevil.”

MACNIEL.

I ONCE imagin'd you my dearest part,
 But now you prove the torment of my heart ;
 All day I view your each intriguing scheme—
 All night again of them I troubl'd dream.
 Oh ! that again a bach'lor I could be ;
 Then should no spouse against her husband flee :

* It is a positive fact, that the mark of three fingers and a thumb are perfectly visible on the stone to the present day ; and the story alluded to is extant among the country people.

I'd live on earth—I think the happiest man
 That e'er was doom'd to dwindle to a span.
 Then would I live remote from ev'ry strife—
 Despise your sex—and lead a single life !

Address

TO THE SHADE OF ROBERT BURNS,

THE CELEBRATED SCOTCH BARD.

“ The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
 Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve ;
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Leave not a wreck behind.”

SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE rushes grow beside the stream,
 While Phœbus shoots a golden beam,
 While infants squeel, or fret, or scream,
 Or lover's sigh ;
 Immortal Burns ! thy hallow'd name
 Shall never die !

While soaring larks the morning hail,
 While rooted sorrow lead the gale,
 While scented flow'rs perfume the vale,
 Which charms the eye :
 Where is the man who dare assail
 Thy memory ?

While pity melts the tender heart,
 While lovers bear of love the smart,
 While nimble o'er the heath, the har—
 From poachers try
 To make escape—thy glorious part
 Will never die !

While ploughmen till and turn the soil,
 While sons of ravage haunt for spoil,
 While country clowns, devoid of guile,
 The truth let fly—
 Thy works shall gain the dearest smile,
 And heart-felt sigh.

While heather bells the heath adorn,
 While ignorance produces scorn,
 While roses bloom beneath the thorn,
 We should defy—
 In ev'ry age thy name is born,
 That ne'er shall die.

While stars illume the sky at night,
 While Phœbus shines resplendent bright,
 While smiling fields attract the sight
 Of Poet's eye—
 In thee is read with great delight,
 What ne'er shall die.

While foxes skulk 'neath hollow rocks,
 While they pursue for hens and cocks,

While tempests wild the sailor mocks,
 O'er billows high ;
 Thy *name* and *fame*—two lasting stocks
 That ne'er shall die.

While post-boys hope well paid to be,
 While hostlers wait expected fee,
 While boot-boys, busy as a bee,
 For twopence fly—
 While nimble-footed waiters flee,
 Thou shalt not die.

While highland hills smile under fir,
 While waiters answer—“ Coming, Sir,”
 While they on chance depending stir,
 When *toppers* cry—
 While partridges on pinions whir,
 Thou shalt not die.

While lovers read thy “ Bonny Jean,”
 While some reflect on what they've seen,
 While others muse on what they've been,
 With tearful eye—
 Thy page, unsullied ! ever clean !
 Shall never die !

Lines

To the Memory of Five Young Men, natives of Clachnaharry, who, on their way from Redcastle Pier to the place of their destination, were unfortunately drowned.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1824.

" Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
—The tedious annals of our fate?
Through such a train of woes, If I should run,
The day would sooner, than the tale, be done."

VIRGIL.

THE sun may appear in the morning resplendent,
Yet let not vain mortals in hope be indulgent,
Nor trust over much in its blaze ;
For ere the bright Monarch's in splendour retiring,
That man may in death's fatal grasp be expiring,
Who hoped for protraction of days.

Intrepid in courage, those sons of the ocean
Set sail, all in health—and agile in motion ;
Yet had not gone far from the shore,
When, sudden as thought, their bark burst asunder,
Nor aid, nor assistance, to snatch them from under
The waves, which they plough'd oft before.

The parents no more can expect their returning—
The widow, with orphans around her knee mourning,
The youngest prest close to her breast :

Farewell days and nights of dear comfort and pleasure,

Involv'd now in clouds of despair without measure,
Till in death's arms at last she finds rest.

Behold the procession all slowly proceeding,
By relatives follow'd, with hearts sorely bleeding,-

While the widows, despairingly rave
For their hope and support, torn from them forever,
By death, who delights the dearest to sever,
And plunge in a premature grave !

Green, green be the sod their bodies that cover,
And sacred the spot where they're bury'd forever,

To mingle with kindred clay ;
Till summon'd at length to a joyful arising,
When the loud trump is sounding, and angels rejoicing,
Exultingly praising the day !

Epitaph

On a Woman of the name of Jack, who married several Husbands.

HERE lies the remains of honest Jean Jack,
Who never yet turn'd on a husband her back ;
When one would give way, she soon got another--
And now they all slumber snugly together !

TO
A Gentleman in Nairn,

On his sending the Author a few Pounds of the old Silver Coin, to be exchanged for the new, at the Bank of Scotland.

FEBRUARY 24, 1817.

DEAR DAVIE, I hae got your line,
 Wi four pund twa o' ancient coin,
 Which I this day exchang'd for new,
 An' by the Mail—now send to you.

At present, ilka country wife,
 Wha hoarded goyd and siller rife,
 Are now oblig'd to gie't the air,
 Tho' laid up fifty years and mair ;
 In clouts and stockin's black they keep it :
 Auld wives, wi' eild grown quite decreepit,
 On feeble shanks must trudge to town,
 To change ilk saxpence, shillin', crown ;
 An' those that hae got Spanish coin,
 Which British Bankers a' decline,—
 This mak's the carlins sob and sigh,
 Wi' douncast look an' wat'ry eye.

But, Davie lad, your cash was gude,
 An' to refuse it wad be rude,

For George the Second's to be seen,
 On ilka piece you've sent fu' clean—
 By which I'm led to understan'
 On some auld pose you've laid your han',
 Which did not see the light o' day,
 Lang, lang before Culloden fray.

Gif ony mair gude auld half-crouns
 Cast up, you maun turn them to spoons;
 For ance the twenty-seventh comes,
 They'll nae be touched by Banker's thumbs:
 Such is the word frae Lunnan sent.
 Then I beseech you, to prevent
 The smallest loss which may accrue.
 So, till I see you, friend, adieu !

To Woman.

NEED I express my sentiments to thee,
 Thou weaker vessel? Still we should agree—
 Man loves thee well. Why should he do not so?
 His partner thou in various scenes below!
 No man he is who would despise thy sex,
 Though beauty may have pleasures to perplex;
 Still man, as man, should all those ills endure,
 For wanting *Woman*—*Man* would be but poor.

The Friend by Chance ;
 OR, BEWARE.

WATCH, as usual, till I'm ready,
 The time may come you need not wait ;
 Two years now are past, which steady
 You have watch'd my humble gait.

Breakfast over, I shall wait you—
 Dash away through thick and thin :
 Not though gone, shall I forget you ;
 Doubt my word—*inquire within.*

Never in the way of toiling
 Are such as I, when with thee plac'd ;
 Roaming, fields and orchards smiling,
 Not by art but nature grac'd.

With you I have been in Ireland ;
 Thought myself in company rare ;
 Any land—I'd ne'er think direland,
 When I knew my friend was there.

Scotland we have wander'd over,
 Part by land, and part by sea ;
 Still unchang'd you round me hover—
 Constant found in each degree.

With you I have climb'd yon *mountain,
 Thickly clad with tufted trees ;
 With you, o'er riv'let, lake, and fountain,
 Wander'd in the summer breeze.

Winter's sternest frown can't shock me,
 While thou deign'st to guard me still ;
 Scoffers, let them scorn and mock me,
 Heap themselves but ill on ill.

Still compos'd, but ne'er dejected,
 Let us journey round and round ;
 Always in our breasts respected,
 When by others most disowned.

Of such beware—and that each minute
 Could you use a thousand eyes,
 Still you'd find a trouble in it ;
 Mark—detect—the bold disguise.

Trust not oft their conversation—
 Keep aloof, and never fear ;
 Secure within, support your station ;
 Believe the task is not severe.

Tho' they hate you, never mind them ;
 Listen what they've got to say ;
 When this, take them—then you'll find them
 Tattling creatures of a day.

'Tis not lore refin'd, nor learning,
 Taught me first to know this truth,
 But experience—sound discerning—
 Seldom quite acquir'd in youth.

Beware of Man, that prying creature—
 Watch him, catch him if you can,
 Lurking round to know your nature—
 Each heartstrings secret working plan.

When they're friendly, act not coldly ;
 In heart and sentiment be free ;
 Tell them candid, fair, and boldly,
 What thou know'st the right to be.

BELLA AND FLORA.

SAYS Bella, one merning, to Flora—"Sweet maid,
 "Pray tell me what Colin express'd,
 "When he saw me equip'd in my new tartan plaid,
 "And the rose which he plac'd in my breast?"
 "Why, Bella," he said, "you appear'd in his sight,
 "Like Venus, the goddess of love ;
 "Your eyes shone as brilliant," he said, "as in night
 "The planets resplendent above.
 "Your lips he compar'd to the cherry so red—
 "Your breath to the zephyrs in May—
 "Your cheeks to the soft-blushing roses in bud ;
 "And he vow'd he would bear you away."

Stanzas

ON EXPERIENCING THE PANGS OF “DESPISED LOVE.”

THE magic spell of B——’s mien,
 My numbers ne’er can trace ;
 For it excels a diamond chain,
 In beauty, love, and grace.

Oh ! were it mine—and grant it heav’n !—
 Thy bosom to entwine,
 No more should I by fate be driv’n
 To kneel at fortune’s shrine.

But dire reverse ! here must I still
 Pine o’er my woful fate ;
 And in despair’s wild accents shrill,
 Unfold my maniac state.

What shall I do ? for ’tis in vain
 To hurl thus in despair—
 To manacle me in a chain,
 Or muse in forlorn care.

Oh ! give me, then, ye pow’rs above,
 To lull those pangs away—
 And from my heart to tear that love
 Which led that heart astray.

ON BEING ASKED BY A FRIEND IN
ABERDEEN WHERE I LODGED.

1824.

I LIVE with a *Barron*, sae that ye maun know,
I'm nane o' your folk that lodge wi' the low ;
An' sud ye ca' for me, as ye're passing by,
Most likely you'll find me rhyming, or I
Maun out be endeav'ring *Subscribers* to get,
Tho' for sic a bus'ness I'm unco ill set ;
For I am a stranger, not kent in the place,
So they spier questions, an' stare in my face.
What ! I look as bashfu' 's a blooming fair maid,
An' to speak for mysel' I seem even afraid.
I hae got three hundred, dear Laddie, and mair,
To keep me in spirits—of the noble and fair,
Whose names are an honour, and kent in the North
As men o' renown, an' o' valour, an' worth.

EPITAPH ON D—— M——.

BENEATH this turf is laid the fat and jolly,
Who ne'er was known to harbour melancholy ;
He lov'd broad fun, and often cheered others—
Now Mother Earth all his diversion smothers !

TO A CERTAIN PERSON,

Who owed the Author some money, but who was very slow in making payment, although frequently requested.

“ Why—what do ye think,
When ye’re short o’ the clink ?”

JOHN DOE, &c.

Do you suppose,
Tho’ I compose,
When I have idle time ;
I’ve nought to do,
But write to you,
In common prose or rhyme.

Now once for all,
Attend this call,
As I the needful want ;
Or by my song,
You’ll hear ere long
My lays on you not scant.

Then I expect
You’ll send direct,
To me straight by the bearer,
The trifle due,
’Twixt I and you,
Or I’ll write you severer.

I wrote in prose
 As oft as toes
 Are upon me, or fingers,
 And fairly see
 You still to be
 A trifling brat that lingers.

This being then
 The first time, when
 I wrote to thee in metre,
 I hope thou shalt,
 Before you halt,
 Learn to behave discreeter.

If not the cash,
 Pray take the fash
 Of sending me an answer,
 Or I declare,
 I'll no more to spare
 To call thee *Daniel Dancer.

Then if a man,
 Ne'er mind what clan,
 If Grant, Munro, or Fraser,
 If black Macra,
 Macnab or Shaw,
 An honest man's worth praise, Sir.

* Alluding to the noted and celebrated miser of that name.

ON A BEAU, NAMED "DONALD."

I'VE heard of beaux of idiots, and of such,
 But ne'er till now, met I the son of stitch—
 That waggish buck, that scampers up and down
 On Sundays daily, through our little town.
 His name is Donald ! L—d how more like Tom !
 A man of fashion, when he's not at home.
 To see this puppy, with his airy phiz—
 With cock'd-up nose, and ever-antic friz,
 You'd think, in fact, he was an ape from birth,
 For men to laugh at in their time of mirth !

EPITAPH ON J—— S——,

A Noted Craver.

Below this stone,
 Lies little John,
 A dry and surly shaver ;
 Who once well known,
 Liv'd in this town,
 A most inveterate craver.

Of breath bereft,
 This world he left,
 Forever gone, believe me ;
 Then on, and get
 Yourselves in debt,
 He'll never come to crave ye.

Songs.

THE CANALER.

TUNE—"The Sautmarket Weaver."

THE auld Saunders, how early he gangs to his wark,
 Wi' health blooming fresh on his forehead ;
 He warks aye frae day light until it is dark,
 Yet never had even a sore head.
 He early gets up to his barrow and spade—
 Robust, although some may be taller ;
 Independent, though poor—nor is he afraid,
 Although but a simple Canaler.

'Tis not on saft down, that Saunders lies down
 At night, when he's baith fagg'd an' weary ;
 But upon clean straw he lets himsel' fa',
 To sleep in the arms of his deary :
 No cares him molest, he enjoys sound rest ;
 Still his bairnies are nae getting smaller,
 For ilka new year, another young dear
 Cheers the heart o' the happy Canaler.

Then who'd wish for wealth, enjoying sweet health,
 When Saunders so happy and pleasant ;
 For wealth he cares not, while he has a groat—
 Sic aye is the bliss of a peasant.

Then lang may they be blythe, happy, and free,
 To work on baith warm days and cauler ;
 Nor ever forget, when first he was set,
 And made an industrious Canaler.

How charming and gay, in fresh lovely May,
 Near Muirtown's sweet bow'rs to be standing,
 When the Stirling steam-boat is fairly afloat,
 And strangers wait strangers at landing :
 To hear the birds sing, till Craig Phadric ring—
 And renews the soft lays of a Waller ;
 While working close by, we may clearly descry
 At his labour, the simple Canaler,

All the week lang, for his family is thrang,
 He warsles awa wi' great pleasure ;
 His bairns an' his wife are his comfort through life—
 Their happiness Saunders' best treasure.
 On ilk Saturday night, he comes home wi' delight,
 For he is nae vile caterwauler ;
 His bairnies he meets—his kind wife he greets—
 Then wha wad not be a Canaler.

The weans wi' great glee, cling round their dad's
 Each relating their innocent story, [knee,
 Till the sire is so pleased, to be thus by them teas'd—
 Like a monarch he sits in his glory.
 They now droop their heads, and lang for their beds ;
 Their mammy, who is no entraller,
 Puts them snugly to rest—wishing they may be blest,
 To play round herself and Canaler.

VETERAN ROW.

TUNE—“ Fye, let us a’ to the bridal.”

FRAE tented field free, and frae barrack,
 As breth’ren united and free ;
 Wha aft bore the musket and wallet,
 When foreign faes victors wad be :
 You’ll find our lads happy and cheery—
 A’ strangers to sorrow or woe ;
 Where ilka ane now guards his deary
 An’ bairnies, in Veteran Row.

CHORUS—Then here’s to the lads wha hae conquer’d,
 Then here’s to the brave an’ the free,
 Lang life to them a’ wha hae ventur’d
 To guard us by land an’ by sea.

There’s a sound o’ the Turkish dominion
 Preparing to lounder us a’—
 But faith it is my firin opinion,
 We’ll may be soon gie them a fa’ :
 For France wi’ her thousands are ready,
 An’ auld Britain’s to second the blow ;
 An’ her heroes are a’ true an’ steady—
 Unrivall’d in Veteran Row.

Then here’s, &c.

Their forefather’s courage and spirit
 Are born wi’ the loyal an’ true—
 Their valour lang may they inherit,
 As sons o’ our mountains sae blue.

Let Turkey them challenge to battle,
 An' the risk o' her pow'r undergo ;
 We'll teach her proud subjects to sprattle,
 An' guard our ain Veteran Row.

Then here's, &c.

Then if 'tis decreed that in motion
 We soon are a' likely to be—
 Cochrane, our empire the ocean,
 An' Codrington brave sall keep free.
 So let the Turk banter and threaten,
 On shoulder to shoulder we'll go ;
 An' doubt na they'll quickly be beaten,
 While home's kept by Veteran Row.

Then here's, &c.

LOVELY BELL.

TUNE—" Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."

O ! WERE I sure to meet my dear
 This night, I'd hold in view
 The dearest night in a' the year,
 Though storms and tempests blew ;
 I'd cheerful roam, far, far frae home,
 Were I but sure that Bell
 Would smiling meet—kind and discreet
 The lad that lo'es her well.

Her cheeks are like the red, red rose,
 Her lips like coral dye ;
 An angel you would her suppose
 Descended frae the sky.
 Her een sae bright, like stars in night,
 A' ithers far excel ;
 For a' that's sweet, kind an' discreet,
 Are centr'd in my Bell.

To me she's dear—and while I live,
 The same to her I'll be ;
 Ilk comfort while I can, I'll give
 To keep the lassie free.
 Baith night an' day I'll wark away,
 An' hap her snug an' well ;
 For weel I ken, there are few men
 That's blest wi' sic as Bell.

O ! blest forever be the hour
 I clasp'd her in my arms ;
 For ever since I feel secure
 In presence of her charms :
 Ilk year's a day that glides away—
 'Tis honest truth I tell ;
 An' may I live, an' still believe
 There's few to vie with Bell.

HEY! FOR THE HIELAN' HEATHER.

TUNE—"O'er the muir amang the heather."

CHORUS—Hey! for the Hielan' heather,
 Hey! for the Hielan' heather,
 Hielan' howes, an' Hielan' knowes,
 Hielan' hills, an' Hielan' heather.

Tho' nature smiles on Indian isles,
 Wi greener groves and warmer weather;
 There are sun-beat wi' fev'rish heat—
 But halesome is the Hielan' heather.
 Hey! &c.

The moss-moor black, an' mountain blue,
 Where mists at morn an' gloamin' gather;
 The crags an' cairns o' hoary hue,
 Where blooms the bonny purple heather.
 Hey! &c.

Where lads an' lasses leal o' heart,
 To birring bag-pipes trip thegither,
 Devoid o' fashion's apish art,
 Amang the hills o' Hielan' heather.
 Hey! &c.

The broom an' brake, the linn an' lake,
 The strath an' stream, my mountain mither,
 Are dear to me as dear can be;
 But doubly dear the Hielan' heather.
 Hey! &c.

Where'er I rest, where'er I range,
 My fancy fondly travels thither ;
 Nae country charms, nae customs change,
 My feelings frae the Hielan' heather.
 Hey ! &c.

A SPECIMEN OF THE FORTHCOMING Martinmas Market.

WHEN cauld November's wind blaws chill,
 An' sleety show'rs are fallin'—
 When sonsy stacks the corn-yards fill,
 An' fires warm ilka dwallin' :
 'Tis then the Fair I mean to sing,
 Is held in Nessia's Borough ;
 Where kintra wives their kebbucks bring,
 Laid out in order thorough,
 An' gude this day.

Sweet lasses frae the moorlands comin',
 Wi' webs o' snaw-white linnen,
 Without a flaw—the claith is fine,
 An' o' their ain han's spinnin' :
 An' at the Cross they stan' in rows—
 Each highlan' smiling maiden—
 Wi' hame-spun grey, and stuff for hose,
 An' eke some kintra plaidin'—
 Fu' fine this day.

A spunkie, passing as by chance,
 The price of tartan spiers :—
 While some are busy in a trance,
 Tearing awa' wi' sheers :

He says the clraith seems unco gude
 But price is rather high :
 An' ere a bargain he'll conclude,
 Another he maun try,
 An' wale this day.

He stalks a wee amang the crowd,
 Syne coughs—looks queer an' kittle ;
 An' to the former lass wi' speed,
 He comes back in a little :
 Weel, my sweet quean, I come again,
 For a' our former jargon ;
 An' by my sang, I'm unco fain
 That we could strike a bargain,
 Right cheap this day.

Wi' a my heart, she smiling says,
 Syne draws the yard to ell it ;
 'Tis want o' cash, without a phrase,
 That e'er wad mak' me sell it—
 The woo' indeed is unco fine,
 'Twas thae twa han's did spin it ;
 Then gie the price, the clraith is thine,
 An' ye'll find virtue in it,
 I vow this day.

But ere a bargain he'll complete,
 He to the lassie tells—
 We'd better gang our throats to weet,
 An' talk atween ousells ;
 The day is chill, an' I am cauld,
 An' sure the same ye're wi' it—
 Sae when your web is sae weel sauld,
 Ye'll nae deny to pree it,—
 A drap this day.

* * * * *

FINIS.

THE

RUSTIC LYRE;

OR,

Caledonian Aspirations,

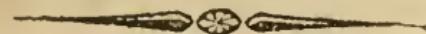
CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL PIECES IN VERSE.

BY

JOHN M'RAE.

No more on wings of fancy borne,
Shall foreign lights my shades adorn ;
While others far for objects roam—
I'll sing by woods and wilds at home.



INVERNESS :
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY ALEX. FRASER.

1830.

THE
RUSTIC LYRE.

NOVEMBER, 1830.

NOVEMBER now sees
All leafless the trees,
Which late in their liv'ry of green,
Appear'd to display
In bow'ry array,
The richness which painted the scene!

The hill of Dochfour
Looks surly and sour,
Tho' hoary his brow in the west;
Presaging in time
A change in the clime,
As pale winter in's looks are exprest.

Kil'vean's still seen,
Sweet clad in dark green,
As gently they rise and descend;
The rich mountain pine
Embroider'd they shine,
From foot of each mound to the end.

Yonmaurich appears
A pride of his years,
Impregnable seen to the last;
A repar'd as before,
To meet the loud roar
Of Boreas his friend in the blast.

Kinmylies looks gay,
(But not as in May,)

For the bright god of day now displays,
Rich thro' the grey cloud,
Which would him enshroud
The might of his pow'r in his rays !

O'ercast now the skies,
Lo ! dark clouds arise,

Craig Phadrig is hid in their gloom ;
And Muirton's fair bow'rs,
And late smiling flow'rs,
Divested appear of their bloom !

Now brighter again,
Behold land and ma'n,

Which late in the tempest seem'd lost ;
From the South blows the gale
Which fills yon white sail,
Now struggling along the rough coast.

See, see ! how it braves
The proud swelling waves,

That foam out their shame on the shore ;
Yet, still the bark wons,
As onward it runs
O'er ocean and Neptune's fierce roar.

How changing each hour,
From fair to a show'r,

Some faint gleams of sunshine appears ;
Tho' gloomy in storms,
Old Nature performs

Her task, as she ripens in years.

Frail, unthinking man,
May dream like his clan,

Indulge in more sleep, if he dare ;
But time wo'nt delay
Her part night nor day.

Then man, foolish man be aware.

One short moment's pause,
Would break Nature's laws,
And hurl man disorder'd to dust ;
Rotation's the thing,
And life's vital spring,
How wise then in heav'n to trust !

LINES TO A FRIEND.

I often felt inclin'd to write you,
Still I pass'd the time in vain ;
Now compell'd, I would invite you,
To peruse my simple strain.

Thine be oft to mind with pleasure,
Bus'ness in thy happy sphere,
Looking for more lasting treasure,
When thy toil is ended here.

Vigilant, thy course pursuing,
Distant from life's thorny way,
Ev'ry bliss to thee accruing,
Wheresoe'er thou'rt doom'd to stray.

Whilst the lonely beach I wander,
Pensive by the boundless main,
Or viewing hill, and dale in grandeur,
May'st thou feel no care nor pain.

On the wings of fancy carri'd,
Swifter than the viewless wind,
Thinking that the soul is terri'd,
When to earth 'tis still confin'd.

Thus, to ev'ry man is given
 Talents of whatever dye—
 The bounty of indulgent heav'n,
 Glowing bright in Nature's eye.

May all good thro' time attend thee,
 Joy in each succeeding hour ;
 Heav'n vouchsafe long to defend thee,
 And within thy native bow'r.

May the spring, in beauty smiling,
 Cheerfully thy presence greet ;
 Health and peace, the hours beguiling,
 Gilding all thy moments sweet.

May the summer, mild and flow'ry,
 Meet thee on the dewy plain ;
 Whiffting sweets from coverts bowr'y,
 Whilst thou'rt free from ev'ry pain.

May brown autumn, coming yearly,
 Round our wide and happy shore,
 Serve thee with abundance clear'y,
 Rich in basket and in store.

May the winter, find thy dwelling,
 (Not in penury nor woe) ;
 But in virtue, fair excelling
 All that's fleeting here oelow.

Then, as time on earth is giv'n,
 May we all the time improve ;
 Preparing for a place in heav'n,
 Realns of everlasting love.

ON

COL. BAILLIE, OF LEYS, M. P.,

*Being Elected Representative of the Royal Boroughs of
Inverness, Forres, Fortrose, and Nairn,*

August 23, 1830.

WHISPER'D round from sire to son,
Thro' Scotia's flow'ry braes ;
And up and down the town has run
A tale that's sure to please—
That Baillie of the Leys has won,
With freedom and with ease,
Four Boroughs, to support him in,
And object dear to raise.

And long may he the station hold,
Which now with pride he fills ;
That far and near his worth beho'd,
While he is sav'd from ills ;
That all concern'd may have it told,
While loud his accents thrills ;
Thro' structures of the noblest mold,
How far their good he wills.

For Inverness and Forres too,
And Nairn and Forres join'd,
In him have plac'd with friendship true,
Their willing heart and mind :
A native of our mountains blue,
Of manners just refined ;
A hero and a patriot—few
To rival him behind.

And long in him united be
All th' t's transcendent found ;
Supported long in each degree,
And honour'd round and round ;

Representing Boroughs, see !
 Whose principles are sound,
 And like the air they breathe as free,
 And firm as British ground.

Then, let us all as one rejoice,
 And have it handed down—
 That Baillie is our friend by choice,
 Whom we with pleasure own :
 Ther, tll a bumper in a trice,
 And banish ev'ry frown :
 For he that does not taste the juice,
 We'll utterly disown.

Then, let the thistle and the rose,
 And shamrock sweet and green,
 Our British diadem compose,
 And blended long be seen ;
 A terror great to all our foes,
 While cheerful we convene,
 As under William we repose,
 And Adelaide his Queen.

TO
 THE MEMORY OF
 MR. HENRY BELL,
 OF
 HELLEN'S-BOROUGH,

182 .

LET it sound through Albion's Isle,
 And Ocean's farthest shore,

That he whose genius long shall smile,
 Is now, alas ! no more ;
 Let sons of Neptune far and near,
 Who steam and canvass swell,
 Now drop the sad and filial tear,
 And mourn for Henry Bell.

Fair Helten's-borough now has lost
 Its ornament and pride ;
 The lover of its soil, and boast
 Of all on steam who ride ;
 Then sons of Neptune far and near,
 Who steam and canvass swell—
 Pause for his sake, and shed the tear,
 And think on Henry Bell.

Loehness, with love thy breast expand,
 Within thy mountains blue ;
 Long placid smile along the strand,
 To him thy praise is due :
 'Twas he who first thy bosom prest,
 With engine, steam and shell ;
 Then think of him among the rest—
 Flow calm for Henry Bell.

To him we owe with grateful mind,
 Our love from shore to shore,
 Who introduc'd and first design'd
 To make our comforts more ;
 Then in each breast 'mong Briton's free,
 Enshrin'd long let him dwell ;
 His requiem sing o'er land and sea,
 And weep for Henry Bell.

ON VIEWING STRATHPEFFER.

I've wander'd oft the mountain side,
 Remote from lane and alley ;

Adoring nature's flow'ry pride
 In glen, and strath, and valley :
 But of all scenes—the fairest scene—
 None sweeter North, nor safer,
 Than the Strath, when clad in green,
 So sweetly styl'd Strathpeffer.

Romantic in her mantle mild,
 With nature fring'd her border ;
 Enchanting in her mountain's wild,
 So hugely pil'd in order :
 For fairer scenes no Bard e'er saw,
 None sweeter North, nor safer,
 Lo ! fertile fields surround the Spa,
 And tufted trees Strathpeffer.

See Tulloch's smiling woods and lawns,
 In sunny beams rejoicing ;
 There day-light ever shines and dawns,
 The wandering eye enticing :
 While Drynie blooms on rising height,
 None lovlier nor safer ;
 Than they that thus so much delight,
 Resorters to Strathpeffer.

Long green be seen the ample Strath,
 Nor* Morrison disowning—
 Secure from Boreas' stormy wrath,
 When the rude tempest's frowning ;
 Here pining sickness finds relief,
 The afflicted no where safer ;
 Of Northern Spa's this is the chief,
 And Gilead of Strathpeffer.

* Alluding to Dr Morrison, of Elsick, who was most indefatigable in bringing this useful Mineral into repute.

THE WELCOME,

Written on hearing of D. G. FORBES, of Culloden, Esquire, coming home to Culloden House, after an absence of some years.

SONG.

TUNE.—“Pribroch ’Ic-Dhomhnuill dhuibh.”

LEAVE the crowd, sing aloud,
Be happy and cheerie;
Culloden’s come to his home,
Blithe with his dearie;
'Ope the gate, joyful set,
All thi gs in order;
Happy be, kind and free,
Round the green border.

To the hill, heart, and will,
Agile in motion;
Fires light, blazing bright,
From glen to oce in:
Sound the pipe, will and ripe,
Gather in order:
Happy be, kin+l and free,
Round the green border.

Clime the bell, round the shell,
Each tell his story;
Spend the day, fair and gay,,
End it in glory;
Sing a verse, Scots or Erse,
All things in order;
Happy be, kind and free,
Round the green border.

O'er the frith, hold the mirth,
Ferrintosh over;

Ev'ry one, wife and man,
True heart and lover :
Skip away, trip away,
All things in order;
Happy be, kind and free,
Round the green border.

Round the hail, great and small,
Black head, and hoary ;
Donald sit, Ronald sit,
Duncan and Rory ;
To the pair, youthful heir,
Drink all in order ;
Happy be, kind and free,
Round the green border.

Clann nan Gael, hill and dale,
Occupy fairly;
Keep the fete, low and great,
Till it be early :
Sing with glee, on with me,
All in good order ;
Long may health, peace, and wealth,
Garnish his border.

TO

Messrs. FRASER AND SMITH,
FOUNDERS, &c.

Ye lovers o' the plough an' harrow,
O' spade, o' shovel, an' o' barrow ;
Now here we've twa without a marrow,
An' gude I'se warran'—
To please as wiel—let wha will ~~tarrow~~
On this side Carrom.

Then order—frae the country—send it,
 'Tis here maist punctually attended—
 There's new ploughs made and auld anes mended
 That fair and cheap ;
 To nicest pattern, metal bended
 To ony shape.

Then come awa', the Foundry near is,
 Where a' that's rare, an' bright, and clear is,
 Whare nougnt unreasonabla, nor dear is,
 In order spread,
 To suit the plain, or him who queer is
 In mind or head.

Grates o' newest cast an' mould is,
 By Smith and Fraser ready sold is,
 And fenders too that bright as gold is,
 O' wark maist rare ;
 An' locks an' gates here to behold is,
 For lawn or square :

The half o' what is here to mention,
 Is truly past my comprehension ;
 Sae come awa—plead nae detention ;
 Let nougnt impede,
 For a' that's gude o' ilk demension
 Here's finely made.

Ye then wha tillers o' the soil are—
 Here are p'leughs that worth your while are ;
 Nae husbandmen in Scotia's Isle are
 Now let me say,
 But wad be blithe, wha fond o' toil are,
 Sic graith to hae.

Then, lang be heard your anvils ringing,
 While firey sparks are round you springing.
 An abler hand your praises singing,
 As on ye gae ;
 Than he wha now's his pen aff flinging—
 Your's JOHN M'RAE.

FINIS.

ISABELLA;

OR,

THE ROBBERS;

A POETICAL TALE OF THE OLDEN TIMES:

AND

OTHER POEMS.



By WILLIAM M'LAREN,
AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF TANNAHILL," &c.



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ISABELLA;

OR,

THE ROBBERS.

“ O FATHER ! shut not thus your door,
“ Unkindly, on the houseless poor :
“ No blood-stained angry ruffian I,
“ To bid your wife and Children die,
“ But phrenzied sorrow’s sickly child,
“ A wanderer ’midst the pathless wild ! ”

The gen’rous glow of pity pressed
The hermit to receive his guest,
But when the crackling faggots’ aid
The virgin bloom of youth displayed
The anchorite, with averted eyes,
Suspicious to the maid replies :

“ Unhappy daughter of the gloom,
“ Why seek ’mong alpine snows a tomb :
“ Has slighted love or cold disdain
“ In phrenzy, fixed thy tortured brain ;
“ Or what untimely withering woe
“ Disturbs thy breast of virgin snow ? ”

The mourner turned her weeping eyes
To where the fount of mercy lies—
And thanked the saints—and blessed the hour
That led her to the hermit's bower,
Unconscious of its holy rest—
Then thus the wondering sire addressed :—

“ O father ! hear a tale that might
“ Appal the callous ear of night ;
“ But, shuddering, turn not thus aside—
“ Not mine, the blood this garment dyed,
“ Nor mine the hand that struck the blow,
“ And bade the crimson current flow.

“ Where rolls the Lomond's crystal flood
“ My murdered father's cottage stood ;
“ No hoarded wealth was his to lure
“ The midnight ruffians to the door ;
“ But I, his all of fortune given,
“ The relic of a saint in heaven.

“ The glimm'ring moon-beam's light impress'd
“ Her shadows on the mountain's breast ;
“ And all throughout the peaceful gloom
“ Was tranquil as an infant's tomb,
“ When louder than the torrent's roar,
“ The wolves of night assail'd our door.

“ The unbolted latch resistless driven,
“ Admits the foes of earth and heaven,
“ Who round their ruffian leader crowd,
“ A wretch—who’d spill an infant’s blood,
“ And stare upon the mangled corse,
“ Nor dread revenge—nor feel remorse.

“ Form’d in creative Nature’s wrath,
“ To smile at sacrilege or death,
“ His eyes with bushy eye-brows bound,
“ Cast a malignant glance around,
“ That heaven, and earth, and hell defied,
“ Then thus deliberately cried ·

“ ‘ Father ! we revellers of the night
“ ‘ Dread nothing but the morning’s light ;
“ ‘ The clock has told the midnight hour,
“ ‘ The all thou hast is in our power,
“ ‘ Wilt thou resign thy treasured store,
“ ‘ Or see the light of heaven no more ?

“ ‘ The cock that bids the peasant rise,
“ ‘ Steals softly our nocturnal eyes ;
“ ‘ We minister the will of fate,
“ ‘ Nor dally in a long debate—
“ ‘ Dost see this crusted scymitar—
“ ‘ ’Tis seldom seen in bloodless war.”

“ Whene’er the ruthless villain spoke
“ His voice upon the silence broke,
“ So hoarse, discordant, full of dread,
“ That hope and heavenly mercy fled,
“ And bade the victims of his power
“ Anticipate a dreadful hour.

“ We give our all, and hope to prove,
“ By tears and smiles, the miscreant’s love ;
“ But what a partial father’s fears,
“ Or what a frantic maiden’s tears,
“ When lawless rage, without control,
“ Raves madly in the savage soul ?

“ Unawed by heaven—unchecked by power,
“ The ruffians, at the midnight hour,
“ Their eager search for wealth pursue,
“ (For wealth we never wished or knew,)
“ While imprecations, wild and dread,
“ Are thundered on my father’s head.

“ The search is o’er—the table spread—
“ Their thirst allayed—their hunger fed—
“ The gen’rous liquor set apart
“ To cheer the lonely wanderer’s heart,
“ The ebbing tide of rage supplied,
“ When thus again their leader cried :

" ' Why, father, say no wealth is thine ?
 " ' This wench is worth Potosi's mine :
 " ' Her lovely eyes, angelic fair,
 " ' Might tempt a hermit from his prayer,
 " ' And bid him in some merrier mood,
 " ' Renounce his beads and solitude.

" ' What pity that so sweet a flower,
 " ' Should wither in this lonely bower !
 " ' Those eyes, though bathed in sorrow's wave
 " ' Might light an exiled robber's cave ;
 " ' Come to my arms, my pretty dove,
 " ' And feel the warm delights of love.

" ' What ! does the colour leave thy cheek—
 " ' Thy eye no amorous passion speak ?
 " ' A brighter bloom will flush thy face
 " ' When locked within my fond embrace :"
 " Then stretched his hands, with murders dyed,
 " And dragged me fainting to his side.

" Repulsive horror o'er me creeps,
 " The life-blood in my bosom sleeps,
 " I feel the chilly hand of death,
 " And struggle for expiring breath,
 " While all that yet of life remains,
 " The ruffian's rude embrace sustains.

“ My father’s brow is knit in frowns,
“ His heart a noble impulse owns ;
“ His frantic arm is raised on high ;
“ The work of death is in his eye ;
“ Then quick descends the gleaming dart,
“ That pierced the groaning villain’s heart.

“ Another hand the blow returned,
“ My father fell—unwept—unmourned—
“ Save by the tears these eyes impressed,
“ With anguish on the bleeding breast,
“ That fondly with affection sighed
“ A prayer to Heaven for me—and died.

“ ‘ Revenge !’ the expiring leader cried—
“ ‘ Revenge !’ the savage band replied ;
“ Around the blazing brands are driven,
“ By hands that mock the wrath of heaven,
“ And ere the sunbeams warm the skies,
“ A ruined mass our cottage lies.

“ I, while revengeful rage repressed
“ The meaner passions of the breast,
“ Sought from the friendly shades of night,
“ A shelter from the ruffians’ sight,
“ And guided by some heavenly power
“ Have gained this lone sequestered bower.

“ But now the houseless child of woe,
 “ Nor friendship’s tear nor love I know,
 “ But like a bark upon the wave,
 “ When angry winds tempestuous rave,
 “ Must wander where the fates incline,
 “ Nor hope, nor home, nor friends are mine.”

The frantic tale of sorrow done—
 The hermit’s heart by pity won—
 His bosom heaves unwonted sighs,
 Unwonted tears start from his eyes ;
 But ere he checked the friendly tide,
 He kindly to the maid replied :

“ Then ne’er again unhappy stray
 “ The gloomy heath’s untrodden way,
 “ Nor ever feel, unsullied flower !
 “ The chilling blast’s malignant power,
 “ But rest within this lone retreat,
 “ Impervious to the wanderer’s feet.

“ When morn her ruddy light has shed,
 “ Along the snowy mountain’s head,
 “ I’ll hasten down the craggy steep—
 “ Nay injured maiden, do not weep ;
 “ No hostile footsteps e’er intrude,
 “ Upon this lonely solitude.

“ The human heart, by cares oppressed,
“ Oft sees the worst —neglects the best—
“ Through the dark medium of her tears,
“ Anticipates a thousand fears,
“ Neglects the good which heaven bestows,
“ And magnifies imagined woes.

“ Hope, brilliant gem of heavenly birth,
“ Celestial friend of man on earth,
“ Whispers that Mercy’s kind decree,
“ (In pity to the world and thee,)
“ Has marred the malice of the dart,
“ That sought thy honoured father’s heart.

“ If dead, his spirit yet demands
“ The friendly aid of human hands,
“ Nor must his honoured dust remain
“ Unburied on the ensanguined plain,
“ But holy rites and prayers be given,
“ To mitigate the wrath of Heaven.

“ Thy weary feet and wasting woes,
“ Require refreshment and repose,
“ Then, maiden, take this potent draught,
“ Its virtues (from experience taught),
“ A soothing influence will impart
“ To lull misfortune’s galling smart.”

11

There is a holy charm in truth,
That wins the hearts of age and youth,
The mourner's eyes its power confessed—
She takes the draught—inclines to rest,
Upon the hermit's rushy bed,
Her wearied limbs and aching head.

And now secure from foes she sleeps,
Nor sorrow sighs, nor pity weeps,
Her thoughts are fixed on former bliss ;
Her father's smile—her lover's kiss—
And every range that fancy takes
Some kindred scene of feeling wakes.

The holy hermit's evening prayer
Commends to heaven the sleeping fair,
An added faggot warms the floor—
A secret latch secures the door,
And bright the moon-beams serve to guide
His footsteps down the mountain's side.

He speeds along—a distant light
Gleams faintly through the gloom of night ;
He stops—the fading light withdrew ;
He moves again—it brighter grew ;
And fancy guides the flitting ray
To where the ruined cottage lay.

12

He counts his beads—his fears subside—
He journeys on—and gaily cried,
'Tis but some flitting meteor light
The midnight wanderer to affright—
It moves along—it cannot be
The ruined cot of charity.

But see—what youth with hasty tread,
Has scared the sky-lark from his bed ?
He seeks the lonely path that leads
To where the hermit tells his beads,
When morning o'er the mountain bends,
Or night in dusky shade descends.

The hermit knows the virtuous youth,
(An emblem of unshaken truth)
Surprise lends vigour to their feet,
With hastier steps they closer meet,
And “ Hail, my son,” the hermit cried,
“ Hail, reverend sire,” the youth replied.

To whom the hermit thus again,
Disturbed to see the youth in pain,
“ What furrowing clouds of wild despair,
“ Have marked thy morning face with care,
“ Or why distempered hast thou fled
Thy home, thy kindred, and thy bed ? ”

With bashful looks the youth began,
And thus addressed the holy man :—

“ O father ! though the snows of age
 “ Be wreathed upon thy head,
 “ And all the flattering dreams of youth
 “ Be now for ever fled ;

 “ Yet if thy heart, in life’s gay hour,
 “ E’er felt the pangs of love,
 “ Indulgent hear a youth complain,
 “ Nor, frowning, disapprove.

 “ Adorned with every witching charm,
 “ By silver Lomond grew
 “ The loveliest flower that e’er imbibed
 “ The shining morning dew.

 “ Hast thou the budding rose surveyed,
 “ At orient morning’s break ?
 “ Then thou hast seen the crimson hue
 “ That bloomed upon her cheek.

 “ Or hast thou seen the lily’s leaf,
 “ With dewy tears oppressed ?
 “ Then thou hast seen the snowy white
 “ Of Isabella’s breast.

“ Well might the hoary hermit sage

“ Forget his evening prayer,

“ The radiant glances of her eyes

“ In solitude to share.

“ Though cold and callous was his heart,

“ As Winter’s midnight hour,

“ His frequent unavailing sighs

“ Would own their magic power.

“ For Isabel was like the morn,

“ Whose bright reviving ray,

“ Bids the gay flowerets lift their heads,

“ To decorate the day.

“ Long, long I loved th’ angelic maid,

“ And long in secret sighed,

“ And oft I wished to press my suit,

“ But feared to be denied.

“ Till bolder by indulgence grown,

“ I told my amorous tale ;

“ And found the honest words of truth

“ O’er Isabel prevail.

‘ Then soon was fixed the happy day,

“ Our guileless hearts should prove

- “ Affectionate—the entrancing joys
“ Of hymeneal love.
- “ But frightful dark prophetic dreams,
“ The harbingers of care,
“ Have checked my hopes, and chilled my blood,
“ And filled me with despair.
- “ Last night, when all were wrapt in sleep,
“ The warning vision came,
“ And twice I dreamed it o'er again,
“ And twice it was the same.
- “ Methought upon a bank I lay,
“ With summer flowers o'erspread,
“ And Isabel upon my breast
“ Reclined her drooping head.
- “ The yellow tints of parting day,
“ Still lingered in the west,
“ And soft the balmy air reclined
“ Upon the violet's breast.
- “ The day retired—the Queen of Night
“ Rode through the cloudless skies,
“ Bright as affection's glistening tears,
“ In parting lover's eyes.

“ ‘Twas boundless bliss—’twas ecstasy,—

“ Beyond description’s power,

“ To clasp an angel to my heart,

“ In this luxurious hour !

“ But, ah ! ’twas transient as the bow,

“ That decks the verge of heaven,

“ When watery clouds and sunny showers,

“ By warring winds are driven.

“ The night grew cold—the winds blew loud,

“ The changeful sky o’ercast,

“ And sounds, terrific as the grave,

“ Came groaning on the blast.

“ My Isabel, with sudden dread,

“ Sprung, screaming, from my side,

“ And, quick as thought, the frightful gloom

“ Our parting forms divide.

“ O’ercome by fear, and sick with woe,

“ The ice-cold ground I pressed ;

“ When suddenly a spirit came,

“ And thus my ear addressed :

“ ‘ Rise, rise, slattern youth ! why stay loitering alone,

“ ‘ When destruction raves wild at thy Isabel’s home ?

“ ‘ The demons of night, now exulting in power,
 “ ‘ Have entered her house, and have crowded her floor,
 “ ‘ And the maid to the arms of their chief has been
 · pressed,
 “ ‘ With a tear in her eye, and a sigh at her breast.

 “ ‘ The hand of her father is brandished on high,
 “ ‘ He has love at his heart—he has death in his eye :
 “ ‘ One glance to his angelic daughter he gave,
 “ ‘ One prayer to the power who in mercy can save,
 “ ‘ Then quickly descending the edge of his dart,
 “ ‘ Has furrowed a path to the miscreant’s heart.

 “ ‘ But the hand that has opened the life-gushing
 wound,
 “ ‘ Is cold as the grave, and is stretched on the
 ground,
 “ ‘ And the maid it has often caressed with delight,
 “ ‘ Now wanders forlorn like a shade of the night,
 “ ‘ Then rise, sluggard youth ! nor stay loitering here,
 “ ‘ Till the earth be her bed, and the snow be her bier :

 “ ‘ But cross not the floor, where her father lies cold,
 “ ‘ Till your tale to the hermit of Banoch you’ve told,
 “ ‘ He is gifted with wisdom, and favoured by heaven.
 “ ‘ And will give you the counsel that I would have
 given,
 “ ‘ Had the cock’s early clarion not ushered the day,
 “ ‘ And called me in speed to my prison of clay—
 “ ‘ ’Tis the shade of her mother that warns thee away.’

“ Disturbed by the warning voice,
“ I started from my sleep,
“ And wondered how a phantasy
“ Could injure me so deep.

“ I slept—again the vision came,
“ More frightful than before ;
“ I waked—and found it still the same,
“ But triply coloured o'er.

“ Large balls of sweet bedew my head,
“ I feel the chill of age,
“ And trembling with prophetic dread,
“ Have sought thy hermitage.

“ Now, father, as the spirit said,
“ The gifts of heaven are thine,
“ The meaning of my frightful dream,
“ In charity divine.”

“ Hush, impious youth,” the hermit cried,
“ Let time the will of heaven decide,
“ It fits not hoary age to hear,
“ Of plighted faith and vows sincere,
“ Sublimer thoughts than these engage,
“ The tempered tongue, and ear of age.

“ ‘Tis not in solitude to share,
 “ The chilling breath of morning air,
 “ That thus I leave my calm retreat,
 “ And sheath in snows my aged feet ;
 “ Then follow where I lead the way,
 “ And hope to see a brighter day.”

The wondering youth in silence trod
 Behind the holy man of God ;
 The ruddy morning’s welcome light
 Usurps dominion o’er the night :
 But still no smoky columns rise
 To check their hopes, or dim the skies.

But, see ! along this winding path,
 What signs of cruelty or death ;
 The spangled snows are newly trod
 And deeply tinged with human blood,
 That to the watchful hermit’s eye,
 Tells guilt has fled, and death is nigh.

The gaping door receives the pair,
 But, mercy ! what a sight was there,
 The slippery floor is crimsoned o’er
 With smoking brands and human gore,
 And all that owns destruction’s sway,
 Around in scattered ruins lay.

And hark ! a groan—'tis o'er—'twas death—
 An effort of expiring breath—
 The father lies along the ground,
 (The blood still oozing from his wound,)
 Cold as the polar winds that blow
 O'er rocks of ice and fields of snow.

The hermit lifts him from the ground,
 With skilful hand he probes the wound ;
 The flattering beams of hope arise :
 With faint and doubtful voice he cries,
 “ No cruel wound of death was here,
 “ Had skilful hands in time been near.”

A warmer couch is instant spread—
 A softer pillow rests his head—
 A potent balsam checks the blood,
 That feebly fed the ensanguined flood—
 A cordial drop, with caution given,
 Recalls the flitting soul from heaven.

The youth retires—he comes again--
 His looks portray his inward pain—
 He gasps for breath—essays to speak—
 His tongue no sounds articulate ;
 Repeated efforts thus expressed
 The anguish of his throbbing breast.

21

“ O father ! do not deem that I
“ Feel less than warm ecstatic joy,
“ To see the influence of thy art,
“ Beat at this honoured father’s heart ;
“ His life restored repays thy toil—
“ But where is Isabel the while.

“ Impelled by love’s almighty power,
“ I’ve called her name in every bower,
“ I’ve strove, with anxious care, to trace
“ Her footsteps in the snow’s embrace,
“ But all my eager search is vain,
“ And all my fears return again.

“ The maid had with her sire remained,
“ If force had not her will constrained ;
“ Half of my warning dream is read,
“ The other fills my soul with dread,
“ For sure the lovely maid is pressed,
“ Reluctant to some savage breast.

“ Then, father, rouse the country wide,
“ Let footmen run, and horsemen ride ;
“ Search every deep sequestered glen—
“ Search all the secret haunts of men ;
“ Let not a flower so lovely fair,
“ Be doomed to bondage and despair.”

With looks benign the hermit ey'd
 The youth ; and briefly thus replied—
 “ Let nought thy eager steps restrain
 “ Till once the hermitage you gain,
 “ There find thy sweet angelic flower
 “ Unsullied yet by human power.”

Not faster flies the mountain deer,
 When hounds pursue, and death is near :
 Not faster through the yielding air,
 When urged by hunger and despair,
 Flies the swift hawk upon its prey,
 Than clears the youth the distant way.

And now his glowing fingers catch
 The spring that moves the secret latch,
 Now in ecstatic gaze he stands,
 Now gently pressed her lily hands,
 Now, bending with devotion, sips
 The nectar from her dewy lips.

O beauty ! thou hast power to move
 The hermit heart of age to love,
 And bid his stagnant pulses roll
 Tumultuous through his feverish soul ;
 For who can see and yet defy
 The magic of thy laughing eye !

“ Awake, my love !” Constantine cried—
 His voice in gentle whispers died,
 “ Awake ! the chilly morning seeks
 “ To wanton on thy glowing cheeks ;
 “ Mercy impatient waits to bind
 “ The sorrows of thy wounded mind.

“ Ah no ! sleep on, angelic flower,
 “ Bright essence of creative power !
 “ Sleep on ! sleep on ! thy holy rest
 “ By some celestial power is bliss’d ;
 “ Then rude the hand would break the smile
 “ That plays upon thy cheek the while.”

O Love ! whoe’er has felt thy power,
 Luxuriant in some blissful hour,
 When all the ruder passions sleep,
 And thou alone hast power to weep,
 Or laugh, or sigh the soul away,
 Beneath thy all-subduing sway,
 May guess, but cannot tell the bliss,
 Ecstatic, in an hour like this.

She wakes—her dream of bliss is o’er ;
 The horrors of the night before,
 Rush like a tempest on her soul,
 And bids her frantic eye-balls roll,
 And all their restless motion seem
 Terrific as a murderer’s dream.

“ Away,” with frantic voice she cried,
 And scornfully Constantine eyed,
 “ Away, relentless ruffian rude,
 “ Could nought allay thy thirst of blood,
 “ But the best blood that ever ran,
 “ Immaculate through the veins of man.

“ See, see ! upon the ground he lies !
 “ See ! now he mounts his kindred skies !
 “ Hark, hark ! he calls on me the while,
 “ With dulcet voice and angel smile ;
 “ I come, I come—O spirit ! stay,
 “ I follow where thou guid’st the way.

“ He’s gone—O ! wilt thou, sainted sire,
 “ When placed amidst the heavenly choir,
 “ Revisit e’er this earth again,
 “ To soothe in dreams thy daughter’s pain,
 “ Of every other stay bereft—
 “ A weary weeping orphan left.”

She reels—she faints—her sorrows rest
 Upon Constantine’s throbbing breast,
 Who, almost dead himself to see
 The maid in this extremity,
 Sighed out a suppliant prayer to heaven—
 The aid solicited is given.

For, hark ! these long and deep-drawn sighs,
 That sob convulsed and quickly dies,
 These burning tears that slowly chace
 Each other down her mournful face,
 Are earnests of returning sense,
 And softer sorrows influence.

Again her weary eyelids part,
 And tears relieve her burthened heart,
 She starts anew with glad surprise,
 And timidly Constantine eyes,
 Then thus with doubtful words expressed
 The mixed emotions of her breast :—

“ Constantine ! no !—yes, yes, 'tis thee—
 “ Ah ! this is more than charity,
 “ To seek me in this holy bower,
 “ And soothe me in this dreadful hour ;
 “ But, ah ! thy kindness can't illume
 “ The frightful horrors of the tomb.”

“ He lives ! ” Constantine quick replied,
 And pressed her closer to his side,
 “ He lives—I felt his pulses play,
 “ Beneath his moistened skin of clay,
 “ And heard the throbings of his heart
 “ Confess the skilful hermit's art.”

“ He lives ! he breathes ! what ! did you say
 “ You felt his feeble pulses play ?
 “ And heard the throbings of his heart
 “ Confess the skilful hermit’s art ?
 “ Ah, no ! Constantine, do not try
 “ To soothe with hopes that soon must die.”

“ He lives—by all the saints I swear
 “ That heard thee lisp thy infant prayer ;
 “ Then haste, my angel love, away,
 “ And heavenly mercies will obey,
 “ For sure thy seraph breath will bring
 “ Reviving health upon its wing.”

Swift as an arrow from a bow,
 When urged against a distant foe,
 Swift as the meteor light is driven,
 Athwart the starry arch of heaven,
 Adown the mountain steep they glide,
 Like nimble coursers, side by side.

The cautious hermit stops their speed,
 And thus, in hurried whispers, said :
 “ The spirit of celestial birth
 “ Sill hovering hangs ’twixt heaven and earth,
 “ Let no emotion then betray
 “ Nor hope, nor fear, nor ecstasy.”

The weeping maid in silence crept
To where her honoured father slept,
Nor dared to speak—nor dared to sigh—
Nor stopped to wipe her glistening eye,
But, silent, bending by his side,
Her solemn *Ave Maria* said.

In three short days the father's smile
Repaid the watchful hermit's toil—
In three short weeks the hermit's prayer
In bliss unites the happy pair ;
Then, cheerful, sought his lone abode,
Devoting all his thoughts to God.

THE STORM,

AN

EPISODICAL FRAGMENT.

CONTENDING winds with threat'ning fury blew,
And horror chilled the bravest of the crew,
When young Alcander thus to heaven express'd
The pious wishes of his manly breast :
“ Almighty God, beneath thy guiding eye
“ The circling planets deck the azure sky :
“ Thou reign'st secure 'midst nature's wildest war,
“ Rid'st the rude blast, or tread'st from star to star,
“ Bids angry winds in hollow caverns sleep,
“ Or wings the howling tempest o'er the deep.
“ If human woes immortal bosoms move,
“ Ah ! let a suppliant wretch thy pity prove,
“ And bid these wild tempestuous winds be still ;
“ (The noisy winds obey thy sovereign will)
“ And, if ordain'd, in summer's ardent bloom,
“ To yield reluctant to an early tomb,

" O ! let these weary eyes again behold
 " My trembling father, feeble, poor, and old ;
 " He, (widowed wretch !) perhaps in vain, relies
 " On these weak hands to close his life-gone eyes,
 " To pour the balm of comfort o'er his soul,
 " And struggling nature's latest pangs control.
 " Unhappy I ! to fill an early grave,
 " Beneath the boiling deep's tumultuous wave ;
 " No weeping wife to bid a long farewell,
 " No pious babes their father's fate to tell,
 " No sorrowing train of mournful kindred near,
 " To soothe my cares, and heave the sigh sincere :
 " O, righteous heav'n ! avert the threat'ned doom,
 " Nor make the noisy waves Alcander's tomb."

The pitying God accepts the pious prayer,
 The beams of Phoebus dance along the air,
 The sable clouds his warm embraces fly,
 And leave, unstain'd, the pure aërial sky ;
 Relenting winds, with lessening fury, sweep,
 And smooth the spangled surface of the deep.

The row-boat launched into the rolling tide,
 The dripping oars the parting waves divide,
 And, bending to the stroke, the labouring crew
 The land-bound billows to the shore pursue.

As when some cruel tyrant of the skies,
 With blood-stained claws, and wild unpitying eyes,

Some sportive tenant of the wood surveys,
Basking beneath the sun's effulgent rays,
Hungry as death, and furious as despair,
His bending pinions lash the yielding air ;
Th' affrighted warbler sees the ruthless foe,
And all its little bosom wrings with woe,
Instinctive taught the tyrant to elude,
It seeks the deep recesses of the wood ;
There, perch'd secure, 'midst thickening boughs, it
 sings,
And flaps, with frantic joy, its little wings :
So the toiled crew, their every danger o'er,
With madd'ning transport tread the rocky shore,
Where no bright fields wave rich with yellow corn,
Nor blooming flowers the mountains' side adorn,
Nor rip'ning fruits reflect the azure skies,
Nor golden prospects glad the weary eyes,
But rugged nature's wild uncultur'd hand,
With shapeless hills, deforms the barren land.

Not distant far a stately mansion rose,
Where oft the weary traveller seeks repose :
There thitherwards the storm-beat sailors bend,
The host and hostess at the door attend,
And sprightly maids, obedient to their call,
With practis'd smiles, conduct us to a hall,
Where the bright liquor and the generous bowl
Shed an enlivening influence o'er the soul.

Full many a bumper to our friends we pour,
And mirth and gladness mark the social hour.

One guest alone sat distant from the rest,
Some rankling woe sat brooding at his breast,
And oft the rolling tears each other chace,
In quick succession, down his mournful face,
The mirth declines—the wondering seamen stare
To see a man so loaded deep with care.

“ And why,” with courteous smiles, Alcander cried,
“ Is the gay hour to Albert’s heart denied ?

“ Dash the dull sorrow from thy burden’d soul,

“ And share the enlivening influence of the bowl.

“ Why should the frail, insipid life of man,

“ (At best no better than a shortened span,)

“ Be dimm’d by sorrow, or declining years,

“ From the gall’d eye-ball shed unmanly tears ?

“ Swill a bright bumper, Albert, brimming o’er,

“ To friends at sea, and relatives on shore ;

“ The gen’rous beverage o’er your heart will pour

“ A gladness worthy of the social hour.”

Deep from his inmost heart the mourner sigh’d,

And thus to gay Alcander’s speech replied :

“ No weak unmanly tears of sorrow mine,

“ From dotard age, or ebbing life’s decline ;

“ This sad revolving day renews a grief

“ Too strong for aid—too settled for relief.

“ But ruling heaven, in mercy to mankind,

“ When rankling woe sits brooding o’er the mind,

“ Gives a short interval to wasting care,
 “ When kindred sympathies our sorrows share ;
 “ Hear then the woes that bids my bosom swell,
 “ Short the sad tale, nor difficult to tell.

“ Two boys were mine, as sprightly and as brave
 “ As ever dipp'd an anchor in the wave,
 “ And thrice the shining orb of day has driven
 “ His annual circuit round the arch of heaven,
 “ Since both embark'd beneath a father's eye,
 “ For where bright Candia owns a warmer sky.
 “ The anchor weigh'd—the favouring winds prevail,
 “ And fills with gentle breath the swelling sail ;
 “ While o'er the deep the rolling surges play,
 “ And back reflects the golden lamp of day.
 “ Nor rose the furious tempest to the blast,
 “ Till far beyond Sardinia's isle we past,
 “ Then in the sky a meteor form appear'd,
 “ And much the wondering crew the warning fear'd,
 “ Thick bursting clouds a threat'ning deluge pour,
 “ And frightful darkness dim the noon-day hour,
 “ Save when bright liquid fire from heaven descends,
 “ And o'er the deep a blazing horror sends.
 “ With unremitting roar the thunders roll,
 “ And shake the affrighted world from pole to pole ;
 “ Proud dashing waves in watery mountains rise,
 “ And heave the struggling vessel to the skies,
 “ Then, whirl'd impetuous down the boiling wave,
 “ The yawning deep presents a frightful grave ;

“ And devious far the shattered bark is driven,
 “ By warring winds, the messengers of heav’n.
 “ My heart still shudders with a cold dismay,
 “ At the dread horrors of that awful day.

“ Nor hush’d the tempest as the day declin’d,
 “ But louder still, and louder blew the wind ;
 “ Cold horror chill’d the bravest with affright,
 “ At the dead hour of the terrific night,
 “ When the torn rigging and the shatter’d mast,
 “ Hung o’er the deep, and yielded to the blast.

“ Thro’ rolling clouds the unhop’d-for morning
 rose,
 “ To spread a deeper horror o’er our woes ;
 “ Seven only then of all our hands remain
 “ With human blood the ocean rocks to stain

“ My sprightly Arthur, stationed by my side,
 “ Was swept reluctant to the rolling tide.
 “ His dauntless brother sprung the boy to save—
 “ Both quietly sleep beneath the rolling wave.
 “ Their absent mother heard the mournful tale,
 “ A wild delirium o’er her brains prevail ;
 “ And still, when happier souls are hush’d asleep,
 “ She lonely wanders by the foaming deep,
 “ Or from some rock, that skirts the ocean’s side,
 “ Strains her dim eye-balls o’er the rolling tide :

" And 'wilder'd still, her erring wishes burn
 " To see the bark that never can return.
 " I, like a ship upon the boundless tide,
 " Without a pilot's hand her course to guide,
 " Now careless wander where the fates incline,
 " Nor home, nor friends, nor relatives are mine ;
 " But weak with age, and withering to decay,
 " My healthful bloom of summer fled away,
 " Still am I doom'd by angry fate to brave
 " The toilsome dangers of the restless wave,
 " In every sea, through every clime to roam,
 " A cheerless wanderer without a home.
 " These are the woes that damp my aged soul,
 " And bids the mournful tears incessant roll,
 " While no bright hopes of cheerful rest illume
 " The lonely path that leads me to the tomb."

All gaze dejected on the mournful man,
 Who deeply sighed, and thus again began :
 " What dreadful scenes of horror and affright,
 " Crowd o'er my memory from that awful night.
 " Each suff'ring seaman's fate deserves a tear,
 " But Frederick's woes and mine were most severe.
 " He, generous youth ! love's gentle laws obey'd,
 " And gain'd the affections of a village maid ;
 " A village maid, possess'd of all the charms
 " That ever bless'd a youthful lover's arms.
 " No wealth was her's, to gorge ambitious pride,
 " And Frederick's sire a father's love denied ;

" Their luckless union gave one lovely boy,
 " His father's image, and his mother's joy.
 " And still by many an act its parents strove
 " To wake the smile of kind parental love.
 " But Nabel's sordid heart was formed of steel,
 " And nought of love—but love of wealth could
 feel,
 " The generous youth, who scorned to see his mate
 " The guiltless cause of unrelenting hate,
 " Bad to his native home a long farewell,
 " For happier climes beyond the ocean's swell ;
 " And while the tempest howl'd with threat'ning
 rage,
 " Toil'd with the strength of youth and skill of age,
 " Till the worn vessel, at declining day,
 " Struck a firm rock, and drank the gushing sea.

" Then rush'd the youth to where his lovely bride
 " Look'd with heroic virtue o'er the tide,
 " And oft he blest his boy, and oft he prest
 " His lovely consort to his manly breast,
 " Who, while he mourned their fates and sadly sigh'd,
 " In gentle accents to his woes replied :
 " ' Would heaven permit some kind indulgent hand
 " ' To guide this screaming infant to the land,
 " ' Not all the horrors of this frightful sea,
 " ' Could damp my soul if doomed to die with thee.'
 " Nor word nor look the intrepid youth replied,
 " But plung'd impetuous 'midst the foaming tide,

" One pious hand the affrighted infant bore,
 " The other, struggling, gain'd the fatal shore,
 " And plac'd the unconscious infant on the beach,
 " Nor far beyond the rolling surge's reach,
 " Then dauntless plung'd into the boiling wave,
 " The distant partner of his toils to save.
 " A more than mortal courage man'd his breast,
 " A more than mortal strength his limbs possess'd ;
 " But now exhausted, nature sought repose,
 " And round him fast the yawning billows close ;
 " But eré the strength of youthful vigour died,
 " One hand he raised above the ruthless tide,
 " Then tir'd and wasted with the unequal fight,
 " Clos'd his dim eyes in everlasting night.

" One scream of troubled woe alone express'd
 " The wild emotions of his consort's breast,
 " With one cold hand she veil'd her heavenly eyes,
 " And stretch'd the other for mercy to the skies,
 " Nor mov'd, nor spoke, nor hop'd, nor sought relief,
 " A stiffen'd monument of human grief.

" Returning sense one dreary wish supplied,
 " To bless and press her infant ere she died,
 " Wide o'er the deep are strain'd her watchful eyes,
 " To where the invading billows madly rise,
 " Nearer and nearer to the babe they're driven,
 " By gathering tides, and warring winds from heaven,

“ Till one hoarse, boiling, angry ruthless wave,
“ Back to the deep, the unconscious infant gave.

“ As some fond mother with maternal joy,
“ Weaving gay flowers, to deck her infant boy,
“ Sees the fierce tiger issuing from the wood,
“ With hungry rage, to drink her infant’s blood,
“ Runs dauntless on the fierce and ruthless foe,
“ Urged by despair, and sad maternal woe ;—
“ So the fond mother rush’d into the wave,
“ With frantic screams, her helpless boy to save.

“ Nor felt the fated crew a happier doom—
“ All sunk successive to a watery tomb,
“ And only I (so bade destructive fate)
“ Am left the mournful story to relate.”

* * * *

EMMA;

OR

THE CRUEL FATHER.

“ O LET me yet one little night,
“ Beneath your roof remain ;
“ Loud, loud, and threat’ning, howls the blast,
“ And heavy falls the rain !

“ O let me yet, one little night,
“ A Father’s pity crave,
“ Nor make the wild untrodden heath
“ The sickly Emma’s grave !

“ Canst thou behold my sickly form,
“ And hear my bursting sighs,
“ And drive me out, unsheltered thus,
Beneath the midnight skies ?

“ No ! father dear, in mercy kind,
 “ Renounce your oath severe,
 “ And let me here a shelter find
 “ Till dawning morn appear.

“ ’Tis but this dreary night I seek
 “ Beneath your roof to bide,
 “ And for my weeping infant’s sake,
 “ I must not be denied.”

Unmoved, the cruel father stands,
 Wild flash’d his furious eyes,
 And, foaming mad with savage rage,
 Indignantly replies :

“ Hence—from my sight—detested wretch !
 “ Thy tears, thy prayers are vain,
 “ For night, nor hour, beneath this roof
 “ Thou never shalt remain.

“ An outcast beggar, base and vile,
 “ May none your wants supply,
 “ But every heart detest your crime,
 “ With curses deep as I.

“ Nay, hold me not—vile reptile—wretch !
 “ But hie thee to the gloom ;
 “ And may the dark terrific night
 “ Accelerate thy doom.”

Then, frowning wild, with savage rage,
 Deep wounded in his pride,
 He spurn'd the lovely suppliant fair
 With vengeance from his side.

Ejected thus her father's house,
 What shelter can she gain ?
 Or how defend her infant from
 The tempest and the rain ?

For ne'er before did tempest dire
 The lovely fair betide ;
 For Emma's sire had wealth in store,
 And Emma was his pride.

And like a lovely flower she grew,
 Beneath his guiding eye,
 Unsullied by the slightest blast
 That chills the midnight sky.

And long his kind paternal care
 A mother's loss supplied ;
 Who, soon as Emma saw the light,
 In pining sickness died.

And well did Emma's filial heart
 A father's love repay ;
 For Emma's heart was form'd for truth,
 And could not disobey.

Till gentle love, with winning smiles,
 Assailed her virgin heart,
 And bade her feel a father's rage,
 With unrelenting smart.

For William came, a kindred youth,
 Of every worth possess'd,
 That ever waked a female sigh,
 Or warm'd a virgin's breast.

And Emma, too, was beauty's pride,
 Adorn'd by all the charms
 That ever fann'd the torch of love,
 Or fill'd a lover's arms.

The mutual flame that warm'd their hearts
They labour'd to conceal,
But still their eyes confess'd a wish
Their tongues could not reveal.

And soon the jealous father saw
The kindling passion rise,
The blushing face, the ardent glance,
That sparkled in their eyes.

And long he strove, with cautious care,
Its fervour to subdue :
But still the soft intrusive flame
With double ardour grew.

Then, with a guardian's stern command
Their passion to deride,
He forced the fond reluctant youth,
To brave the ocean's tide.

But vain his care ; for Emma heard
The cruel order given,
And swore eternal love and truth
Before the throne of Heaven.

The holy priest, who joined their hands,
 Was cautioned to conceal
 The pious deed, till William came
 The secret to reveal.

Three little nights the amorous youth
 Caressed his blushing bride ;
 But the fourth envious morning rose
 To bear him through the tide.

Foreboding doubts and anxious cares
 Their lab'ring bosoms move,
 When William thus, with borrowed smiles,
 Addressed his drooping love :

“ Cheer up, cheer up, the lamp of day
 “ Flames cloudless o'er the main,
 “ Although his morning march began
 “ In tempests and in rain.

“ A kind prophetic omen this,
 “ That, all our sorrows o'er,
 “ We soon shall meet with brighter hopes,
 “ And meet to part no more.

“ For, when the winds tempestuous rise,
“ The ocean to deform,
“ Thy pious prayers, for safety sent,
“ Will guide me through the storm.

“ And when the sun, in torrid climes,
“ Flames burning o'er my head,
“ Kind heaven will form, for weeping love,
“ A shelter and a shed.

“ Then weep not thus, my Emma dear,
“ Nor for my absence mourn,
“ For ere the daisies deck the spring,
“ Again I will return.

“ Then no ambitious angry sire,
“ To gratify his pride,
“ Shall dare, by stern tyrannic power,
“ Our fortunes to divide.”

Fast folded in his manly arms,
He strained her to his heart,
Till the stern father's jealous care,
Had warned them both to part.

Then waving sad her lily hand,
The weeping fair withdrew,
And sobbing, saw her absent lord
Receding from her view.

As when a lovely fragrant flower
The wintry winds assail,
Hangs drooping down its wither'd head,
And bends beneath the gale ;

So Emma, 'neath her father's frown,
Pined 'lone the hours away ;
The youthful bloom of summer fled,
And wither'd with decay.

And oft when silent setting eve
Gleamed faintly o'er the vale,
She sought the bower where William first
Revealed his amorous tale.

And pining, mourned the cruel fate,
That doomed her youth to prove
A mother's pains, and nurse a pledge
Of absent William's love.

For when bright Cynthia nine times came
To fill her silver horn,
Beneath a kind domestic's care
Her lovely babe was born.

As timorous swains, at warning signs,
Stare wide with wild surprise,
So stared the sire, when first he heard
The screaming infant's cries.

And Emma 'neath his awful frown,
With trembling fear confessed
Her wedded love, and owned the babe
That hung upon her breast.

In vain she pleads her William's worth—
Her faded sickly form—
The ruthless father drives her forth,
A victim to the storm.

Nor strayed the exile long nor far,
Beneath the inclement sky,
Before her fainting weary limbs
Demands a place to lie.

A stately elm, whose leafless arm
 Hung o'er the pathway side,
 Was all the shelter and the shed
 The moonless night supplied.

There, stretched beneath the frightful gloom,
 Her clay-cold lips address'd
 The lovely, sweet, unconscious babe,
 That hung upon her breast :

“ Hush, hush, my boy, no longer I
 “ The furious tempest brave,
 “ This night thy mother's breast must be
 “ Thy cradle or thy grave.

“ Perhaps, when morn's reviving beams
 “ Has warmed the eastern sky,
 “ Thou'l^t find a happier shelter from
 “ Some friendly passer by.

“ But morn's reviving beams to me
 “ Nor health nor hope impart ;
 “ For tyrant Death, with fell Disease,
 “ Tugs deadly at my heart.

“ But thou, my lovely infant boy,
“ Wilt live in other years,
“ And visit oft thy mother’s tomb,
“ To bathe it with thy tears.

“ Nor wilt thou bear, sweet injured babe,
“ A hated bastard’s name,
“ For soon thy father will be here,
“ His lovely boy to claim.

“ See—now dejected and alone,
“ He looks across the tide,
“ And frets to feel the adverse winds
“ That keep him from my side.

“ Now—now the vessel gains the port,
“ And now he mounts his steed,
“ Nor angry winds, nor dashing rains,
“ Retard his courser’s speed.

“ O haste, my William ! haste, and come,
“ Thy Emma waits thee here.
“ Haste, and revive thy drooping love,
“ Or bear her to her bier.”

Prophetic hopes of Emma these,
 For William left the tide,
 And rode impatient through the gloom
 To claim his lovely bride.

Firm seated on his nimble steed,
 The rapid courser flew
 With eagle's speed—the lagging winds
 In vain his steps pursue.

But faster far are William's thoughts,
 Who now in fancy sips
 The soft delicious nectar from
 His Emma's dewy lips.

But check thy thoughts, unhappy youth,
 Cold, cold, thy Emma lies !
 And thou art come, this dreary night,
 To close her life-gone eyes !

The courser speeds—dark through the gloom
 The castle lights appear,
 Where William left, with anxious thoughts,
 His lovely Emma dear.

The courser stops—with wild affright—
An infant's voice he hears,
And faintly, through the midnight gloom,
A female form appears.

“ What wretch,” the wondering William cried,
“ From every shelter cast,
“ Art thou, who bathes thy weary limbs
“ Beneath the midnight blast.”

No sigh, no moan, no answer made,
All keen perception’s fled ;
The youth drew near, and in his arms,
Supports her drooping head.

Cold, cold, as winter’s icy blast,
The dying victim lay,
And faint and slowly at her heart
The feeble pulses play.

“ What sad untimely withering woe,
“ Unhappy fair,” he cried,
“ Has doom’d thee, and thy infant babe,
“ Beneath the storm to bide.

“ Whoe'er thou art, poor exiled wretch
 “ No longer tarry here,
 “ A softer pillow waits thy head
 “ Where yonder lights appear.

“ If pining sickness be your lot,
 “ Or poverty you bear,
 “ Reviving health and hope are thine
 “ Beneath my Emma's care.”

Then gently in his manly arms,
 With pious haste he bore
 Her faded form, and panting, gain'd
 The bolted castle's door.

And loud his well-remembered voice
 Resounded through the hall ;
 The sleepless father opes the door,
 Obedient to the call.

“ Help, help,” he cried, “ my kinsman dear,
 “ No time for welcome spare ;
 “ Bid Emma come, this screaming babe
 “ Requires her gentle care.”

In wondering mute attentive gaze,
 The guilty father stands,
 The blood retreats back to his heart,
 The light drops from his hands !



A servant came, who Emma loved,
 And scream'd with loud alarms,
 " 'Tis Emma's self, unhappy youth,
 " Who lies within your arms !

" This night her father drove her forth,
 " Nor durst her maids pursue ;
 " Now low she lies, sweet lady fair,
 " And dies for love of you."

As stands the swain, when lightnings dire
 Strike dead his destined bride,
 So stood the youth, in phrenzied woe,
 By dying Emma's side.

" O ope," he cried, " my Emma dear,
 " Ope, ope thine eyes, and see
 " Thy faithful William safe returned,
 " To bless thy babe and thee."

As angels smile on dying saints,
 And welcome them to bliss,
 So Emma smiled, and turned to feel,
 And welcome William's kiss.

But short the transport that it gave,
 Soon, soon, the bliss is o'er,
 A feeble sigh—a lengthened groan,
 And Emma was no more.

Long stood the youth in silent woe,
 A monument of grief,
 Nor tears, nor sighs, nor words, afford
 His phrenzied soul relief.

Till wilder, grief-subpuing rage,
 His altered face deforms
 Terrific as the awful gloom
 Of midnight thunder-storms.

“ Where art thou, hoary, savage wretch ? ”
 With thundering voice he cried,
 “ This night, within thy guilty heart,
 “ My poinard must be dyed.”

“ Then strike,” the homicide replied,
 “ Thy fury I defy ;
 “ For, by my woes, ‘tis hell to live,
 “ And happiness to die.”

“ Then live—detested and abhorred,”
 The weeping mourner said,
 And silent hid within its sheath,
 The harmless shining blade.

Now hushed the tempest of his soul,
 A softer woe returned,
 And, bending o’er his Emma’s corse,
 He thus unhappy mourned :

“ Ah ! lovely Emma, sainted dear !
 “ Where now the sparkling eye ?
 “ And where the softly crimson’d cheek,
 “ That shamed the rose’s die ?

“ And where the cheerful dulcet voice,
 “ That used with smiles to say,
 “ The threatning frown of weeping love,
 “ Will see a brighter day.

“ Is this the day, unhappy fair,
 “ To which thy fancy sped,
 And these th’ officious maids, whose hands
 Must deck thy bridal bed ?

Ah ! Emma, no !—Far other cares
 Thy weeping maids employ :
 “ Some careful spread thy winding sheet,
 “ Some guide thy infant boy.

“ Tho’ faded now, in silent death,
 “ Thy last angelic smile
 “ Still lingers with a fond regard,
 “ And beckons me the while.

“ And soon I come, sweet injured fair,
 “ Life’s angry troubles o’er ;
 “ We soon shall meet with brighter hopes,
 “ And meet to part no more.”

With solemn, slow, reluctant steps,
 The mournful youth withdrew,
 But often turned, and often paused,
 His Emma’s corse to view.

And now the horror-haunted sire,
Laments what he has done,
And, raving, tells his Emma's worth,
And doats upon her son.

And still, when slumbers close his eyes,
Her lovely form appears,
And suppliant begs a father's love,
With warm persuasive tears.

No other form his eye regards,
No hopes his bosom cheer,
But all within is dark and wild's
The winter of the year.

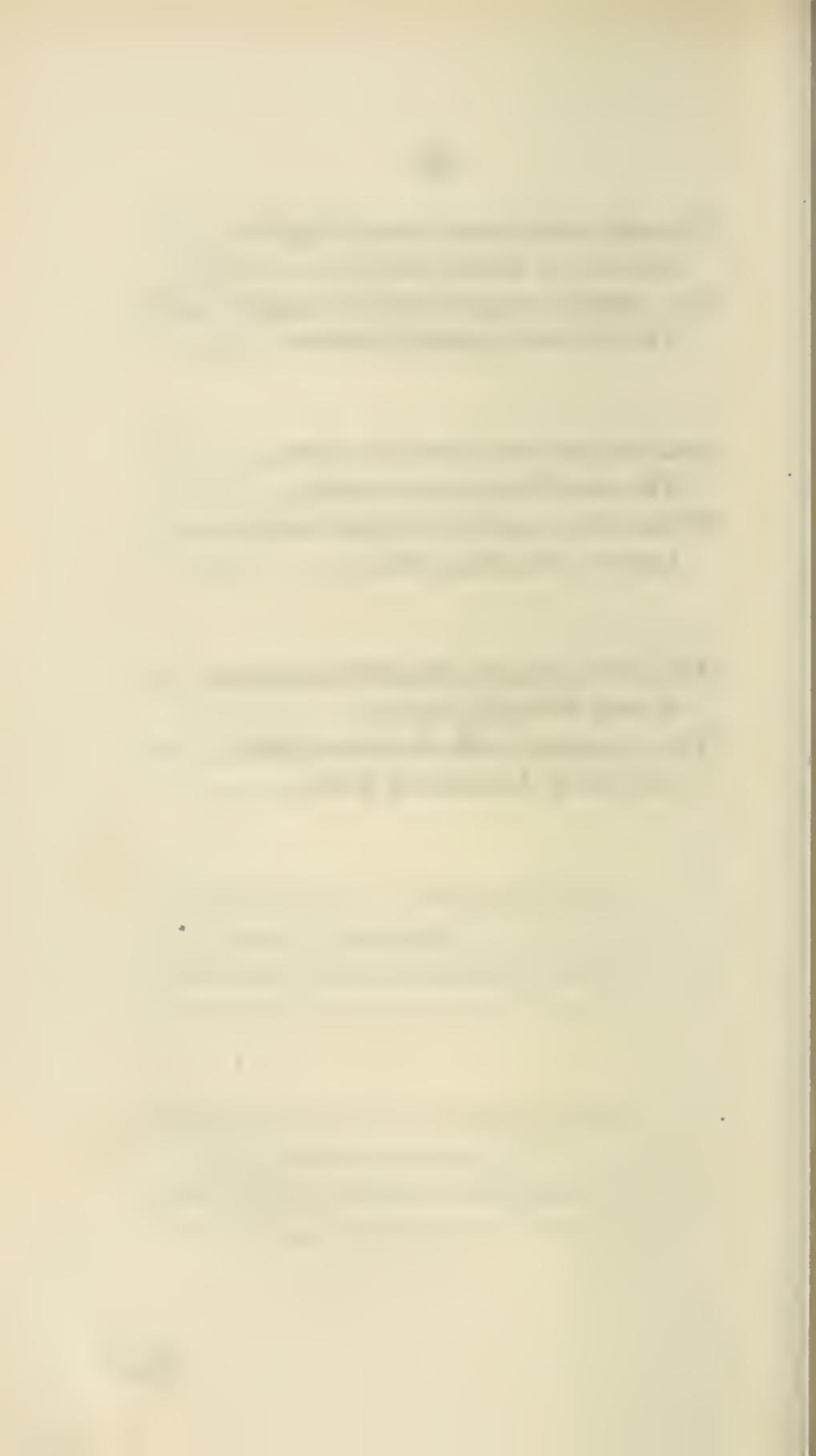
And oft he calls on welcome death,
His weary life to take,
And hates to live, but dreads to die,
For injur'd beauty's sake.

And still beneath the spreading elm,
Where sainted Emma lay,
Their vows of constancy and truth
The village lovers pay.

No rude unhallowed birds of night
Beneath its foliage rest ;
But yearly, 'mong its leafy boughs
The stock-dove builds her nest.

And oft the weary traveller turns,
The sculptured stone to read,
Where pity, bending o'er her tomb,
Laments the guilty deed.

And from her mournful hand displays
A long extended page,
That, warning, tells the dire effects
OF WILD AMBITIOUS RAGE.



MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.



SAY NOT THE BARD HAS GROWN OLD.

Tho' the winter of age wreathes her snow on his head,
And the blooming effulgence of summer is fled,
Tho' the voice that was sweet as the harp's softest
string,

Be trem'lous and low as the zephyrs of spring,
Yet say not the Bard has grown old.

Tho' the casket that holds the rich jewel we prize,
Attracts not the gaze of inquisitive eyes ;
Yet the gem that's within may be lovely and bright,
As the smiles of the morn, or the stars of the night ;
Then say not the Bard has grown old.

When the tapers burn clear, and the goblet shines
bright
In the hall of his chief on a festival night,
I have smiled at the glance of his rapturous eye,
While the brim of the goblet laughed back in reply ;
Then say not the Bard has grown old.

When he sings of the valorous deeds that were done,
 By his Clan or his Chief in the days that are gone,
 His strains then are various—now rapid—now slow—
 As he mourns for the dead, or exults o'er the foe ;

Then say not the Bard has grown old.

When Summer in gaudy profusion is dressed,
 And the dew-drop hangs clear on the violet's breast,
 I list with delight to his rapturous strain,
 While the tale-telling echo returns it again ;

Then say not the Bard has grown old.

But not Summer's profusion alone can inspire,
 His soul in the song, or his hand on the lyre,
 But rapid his numbers, and wilder they flow,
 When the wintry winds rave o'er his mountains of snow;

Then say not the Bard has grown old.

I have seen him elate when the black clouds were riven
 Terrific and wild by the thunder of heaven,
 And smile at the turbulent billows that rave,
 Incessant and deep o'er the mariner's grave ;

Then say not the Bard has grown old.

When the eye that expresses the warmth of his heart,
 Shall fail the benevolent wish to impart,
 When his blood shall be cold as the wintry wave,
 And silent his harp as the gloom of the grave,—

THEN say that the Bard has grown old.

THE OLD TREES.

*The following Lines were written immediately after the death
of the last of three of the Author's most intimate friends.*

Have you seen the old tree that stands lone on the moor,

With its branches all withered and bare ;
Like a life-wearied wretch who keenly has felt
The torturing pangs of despair.

Tho' the rank grass wave wild o'er the spot where they stood,

Yet three kindly companions it knew ;
Who exultingly spread their gay leaves to the sun,
And drank of the nourishing dew.

So broad were their boughs, and so fresh were their leaves,

And so kindly they mingled together,
That they dreamed not the sorrowful day was so near,
That would part them in anguish for ever.

But a blast from the heath like the fiat of fate,
Gave the loftiest tree to the wind,
And left the disconsolate friends of its youth
To linger in sadness behind.

Soon the canker of care, like a worm in the bud,
Seized the tree that grew close by its side :
And its green leaves grew pale, and its branches
 were few,
And it sickened—and withered—and died.

But the envious shaft that had destined their fate,
Had not finished the work it begun,
For a poison was fixed in another fair tree,
 And its span of existence is run.

And now the old tree that stands lone on the moor,
With its branches all withered and bare,
In solitude mourns for the friends of its youth,
 The victim of anxious despair.

DONALD CRAW.

Tune.—Haud awa' frae me, Donald.

“ O ! Donald Craw, tell me a’,
Did you see him dee, Donald ;
Looked he kindly to the north,
Ere he closed his e’e, Donald ?
Did he, wi’ his deeing breath,
Speak o’ love an’ me, Donald ;

Did he bless the bonny bairn,
 That's smiling on my knee, Donald ? ”

“ When the bloody faught was owre,
 I fan' him on the lee, Mary,
 Milky white his manly cheek,
 And death was in his e'e, Mary !
 I raised him kindly in my arms,
 I propt him wi' my knee, Mary ;
 Short and few the words he spak',
 But they were a' 'bout thee, Mary.

“ I dug his grave wi' friendly care,
 I sought nae helpin han', Mary.
 Now sound he sleeps within his plaid,
 Upon a foreign lan', Mary.
 This ring I fand upon his breast,
 A gift he gat frae thee, Mary ;
 Now mak' the bonny gouden ring,
 A pledge o' love to me, Mary.

I ha'ena muckle wealth to gie,
 But a' I hae 'll be thine, Mary ;
 The lowin' love that's at my heart,
 I'm sure I'll never tine, Mary.
 I'll be a father to your bairn,
 I'll aye be kind to thee, Mary,
 Cankered Care, nor scrimped want,
 You'll never, never see, Mary.”

“ O haud awa’, bide awa’,
 Speak nae sae to me, Donald,
 For I’ll never wed again,
 Till the day I dee, Donald.
 Fickle love may quickly change,
 But nae sic love is mine, Donald,
 Colin gat my virgin heart,
 An’ it can ne’er be thine, Donald.

Weel I ken your manly worth,
 Your kind intent to me, Donald,
 But a han’ without a heart,
 Is no a gift for thee, Donald.
 Love is like the mountain stream,
 That rushes to the sea, Donald,
 Ever giving aye the same,
 While it has ought to gie, Donald.”

“ See wha is yon comes yont the hill,
 Wi garters at his knee, Mary ?
 It is your Colin back again,
 To bless thy babe an’ thee, Mary.
 Weel he kent your kindly heart,
 But gae me leave to try, Mary,
 If a friendly fleeching tongue,
 Your watry e’e could dry, Mary.”

O ! I'LL TELL YOU THE HOUR.

Tune—Meeting of the Waters.

O ! I'll tell you the hour that is dearest to me,
 'Tis the hour when the sun dips her head in the sea,
 'Tis the hour when the linnet retires to his rest,
 And burnished with gold are the clouds of the west.

O ! this hallowed grove I will ever revere,
 As the lovliest spot on creation's wide sphere,
 For 'twas here that I first felt my bosom impressed,
 With a passion as warm as the turtle-dove's nest.

Not friendship's soft tear gushing warm from the eye,
 Is so dear to my heart as her languishing sigh—
 Will I tell you the cause that I love her so well ?
 No, no, 'tis a cause that no mortal can tell.

It is not her eye, mild, expressive, and blue,
 It is not her cheek of vermillion hue,
 It is not her breath sweet and fragrant as May ;
 No, no, it is something far other than they.

She is lovely as light—she is guileless as truth—
 Has the wisdom of age, and the fondness of youth,
 Her thoughts are as pure, and her virtue as fair,
 As a chronicled saint at his evening prayer.

She's the spring of my pleasure, the source of my
woe,
Like my shadow she haunts me wherever I go,
When I kneel to my god (may the fault be forgiven)
I implore her for bliss, and mistake her for heaven.

Cease, cease, throbbing heart, till the day-lights
decline,
She is true to her faith, and she then will be thine ;
Then let fortune her frowns and her favours divide,
When an angel is mine I need nothing beside.

WHAT GARS ME LIKE THE KINDLY GLOW O' THIS FIRESIDE.

Air.—By yon Burn Side.

What gars me like the kindly glow o' this fireside ;
What gars me feel, nor want, nor woe, at this fireside ?

’Tis my witching wifie’s wile,

’Tis my bonnie bairnies’ smile

That a’ my cares beguile, when at this fireside.

Nor scrimped want, nor lordly wealth’s at this fire-side,

Our highest bliss is peace an’ health, at this fireside,

We'ave a penny aye to spen',
 We'ave anither aye to len',
 An' wi' that we mak' a fen,' when at this fireside.

I hear the wimpling o' the rill, frae this fireside,
 I see my sheep upon the hill, frae this fireside,
 An' the cozie birken bower,
 Whar in love's delicious hour,
 I woo'd the bonnie flower, that's at this fireside.

I hear the angry tempest rave, at this fireside,
 An' think me blest beyond the lave, at this fireside,
 Tho' the wintry sky o'ercast,
 An' tho' bitter blaws the blast,
 Yet it howls unheeded past, when at this fireside.

The weary trav'ller often sits at this fireside,
 An' aye a kindly welcome gets, to this fireside,
 For we guide wi' cannie care,
 We have aye a meal to spare,
 An' are ever making mair, when at this fireside.

What gars me like the kindly glow o' this fireside,
 What gars me feel nor want, nor woe, at this fire-side,
 'Tis my witching wifie's wile,
 'Tis my bonnie bairnies' smile,
 That a' my cares beguile, when at this fireside.

NOW SUMMER SHINES WITH GAUDY PRIDE.

(Set to Music by Mr. J. Jaap, Edinburgh.)

Now summer shines with gaudy pride,
By flowery vale and mountain side,
And shepherds waste the sunny hours,
By cooling streams, and bushy bowers ;
While I, a victim to despair,
Avoid the sun's offensive glare,
And in sequestered wilds deplore
The perjur'd vows of Ella More.

Would Fate my injur'd heart provide
Some cave beyond the mountain tide,
Some spot where scornful Beauty's eye
Ne'er wak'd the youthful lover's sigh ;
I'd there to woods and rocks complain,
To rocks that skirt the angry main ;
For angry main and rocky shore,
Are kinder far than Ella More.

WHEN ANCIENT BRITONS RUDELY TROD.

Sung at the celebration of the Birth of Burns.

When ancient Britons rudely trod
 Throughout our favourite isle,
 Nor knew the worth, nor felt the force,
 Of Beauty's magic smile ;
 War's rugged face alone had charms,
 To warm the patriot breast,
 But every foe, from every land,
 Proud Scotia's worth confessed.

“ Then this the charter—the charter of the land,
 “ And guardian angels sung the strain.”
 Hail, honoured SCOTIA ! bless'd land, for ever be
 The sacred seat of LIBERTY.

Then came the honoured minstrel Bard,
 In ages more refined,
 And bade the generous warmth of love,
 Possess the pliant mind ;
 The song that first in lordly halls,
 The captive passions led,
 Spread o'er the land, and found a home
 Within the peasant's shed.

“ Then this the charter—the charter of the land,
 “ And guardian angels sung the strain,”
 Hail honoured SCOTIA ! bless’d land, for ever be
 The sacred seat of MINSTRELSY.

When in his low parental cot,
 The infant Burns reclined,
 The fretful clamours of his heart,
 Hushed by the wintry wind ;
 The minstrel muse, to Scotia dear,
 Hung o’er the babe and smil’d,
 Imbued his heart with heavenly fire,
 And nursed the darling child.

“ Then this the charter—the charter of the land,
 “ And guardian angels sung the strain,”
 Hail, honoured SCOTIA ! bless’d land, for ever be
 The sacred seat of POETRY.

Hail SCOTIA ! dear romantic land,
 Though cold thy climate be,
 And turbulent the angry winds
 That lash thy northern sea ;
 Yet still, beneath thy hallowed clime
 The minstrel muse is found,
 And every stream and every dale
 Is sacred classic ground.

Sing loud the minstrel's fame,
His be an honoured name,
To latest time ;
His be the bright reward,
A wondering world's regard,
Dear to the patriot bard,
In every clime.

FINIS.

With respects from the Author

A CALL

TO THE

HOLY COMMUNION;

AND OTHER

P O E M S.

[Price 6d.]

ELGIN:

Printed and Published by,

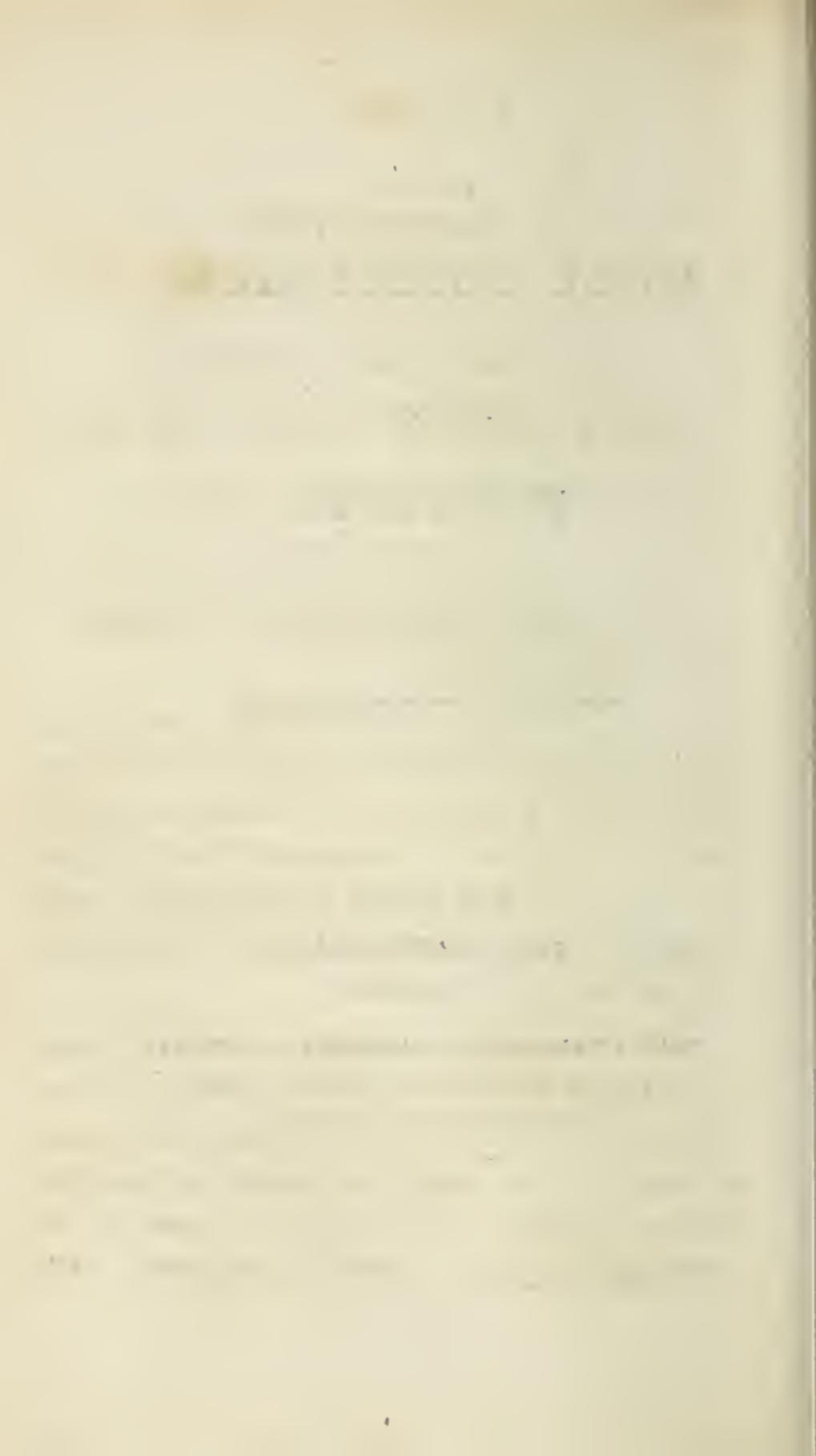
A. C. BRANDER;

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1831.



DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND
ALEXANDER JOLLY, D. D.,
BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF MORAY.

*Right Reverend and very dearly
Esteemed Sir,*

*Your Parental Char-
acter induces me to approach you with a literary
trifle which, I feel!, possesses no intrinsic qual-
ifications sufficient to recommend itself to your
notice : if I may except THE SUBJECT upon
which it treats. Here, however, I may take
my ground.*

*The exemplary consistency in every chris-
tian duty, which the grace of our God has
enabled you to evince, ensures me your acceptance
at least, if not your approbation of an effort
however humble, which has reference to the
most holy rite of our most holy religion. And*

when I consider the high office and spiritual responsibility with which you are invested in this our diocese, and the Apostolic and (if you will allow me to add) the Saint-like manner in which your Reverence has been permitted to exercise your charge; I feel not a little encouraged in claiming your fatherly protection for this little offspring of my leisure hours.

I therefore dedicate it to your Reverence, without further apology, as a small token of most unfeigned esteem, from

Your Reverence's

Most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

A. C. BRANDER.

P R E F A C E .



THE Author of the following Poem, on the Holy Communion, has nothing to plead in his defence, when he brings it before the public, save the integrity of his intentions.

A deficiency of a regular congregational attendance upon that sacred ordinance, is no less characteristic of this day of loud profession, than it is painful to the observer who feels that he has no shelter from the evil around him, save in walking humbly with his God. And it is as much a duty, if we give credit to what is written in the viii. of Romans, *a duty* incumbent upon all Christians to "confess with the mouth," as it is necessary to salvation to "believe with the heart." He, therefore, who feels himself the occupier of a talent, however low may be his place among the more gifted of his kind, cannot justify it either to his God, or to his conscience, if he put not his Lord's money, such as is entrusted to him, into the bank—"that at His coming he may receive his own with usury." If an humble attempt, which owes its birth to such convictions can pass for well-intentioned; the Author may cast away diffidence, and boldly challenge the serious attention of his fellow Christians even to *the weakest "CALL TO THE HOLY COMMUNION."*"

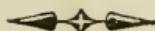
From the opening of the Poem it will be perceived, that the address which it employs is principally directed to those, who, with the exception of the neglect of this great duty are, as far as man can judge, worthy to bear the name of Christian.

Some there are who from a deep sense of their own unworthiness, and fearing lest they should profane this Holy Ordinance, and thereby call down a curse upon themselves and not a blessing, count it presumption in them to approach. Some there are who neglect this memorial of their Saviour's death, not because they think the celebration of it either immaterial or unnecessary ; but their notions—not always well-grounded—about the preparation which is needful, make them to postpone their duty in this respect to some indefinitely future period : as if they could command repentance whenever they pleased, or knew what a day might bring forth. Some are occasionally partakers, and occasionally are not—as if the ordinances of Christ were suitable for them at one time and not at another ; but there is one common fault to all—none of them have given worthy attention to their Master's commandment—“this do in remembrance of me.

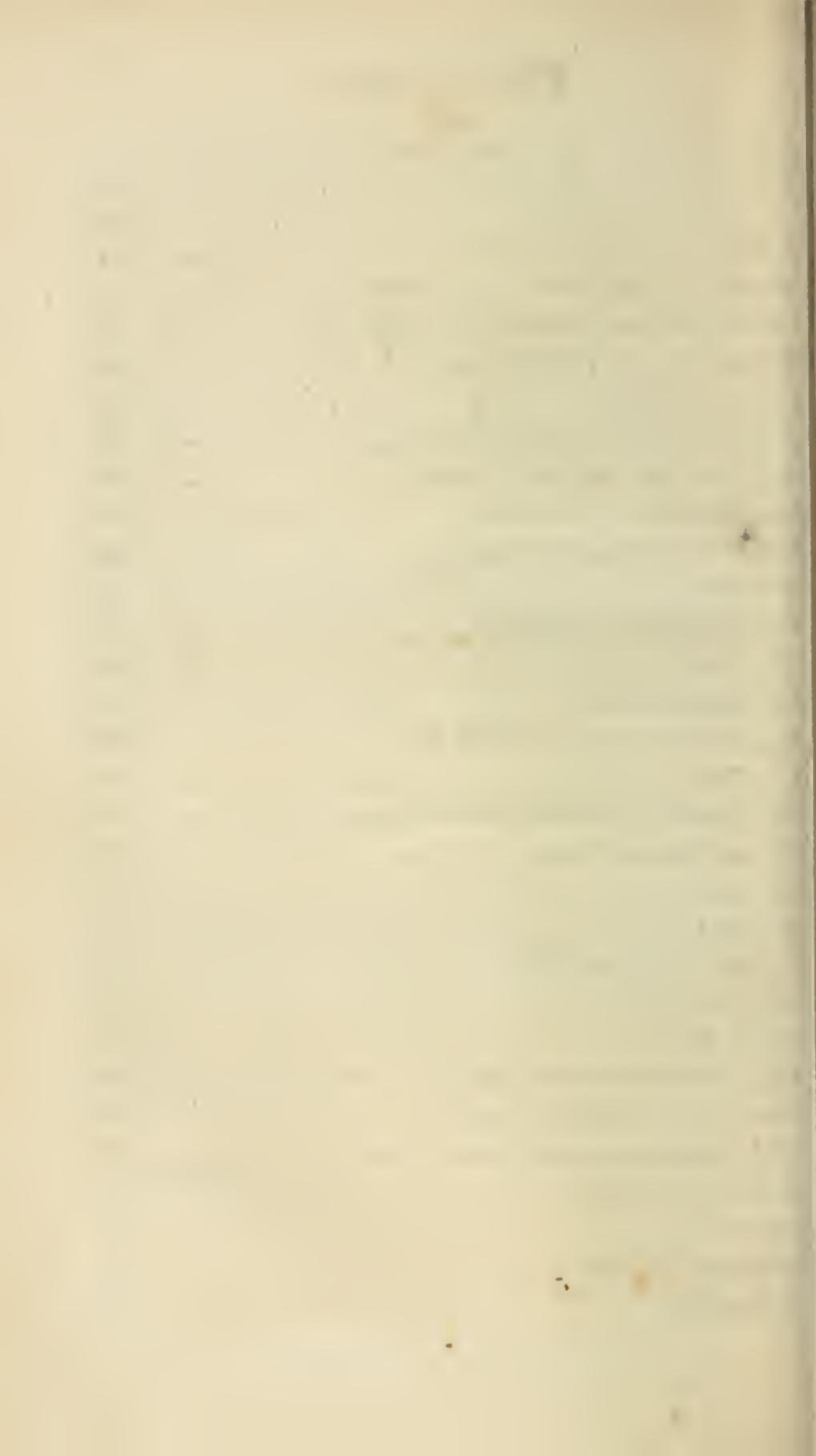
Should a perusal of the following Stanzas be the means of causing any of the unthinking to reflect, and obey ; of encouraging any of the reflective to resolve, and to do ; of persuading any of the procrastinating no longer to delay ; of stimulating any of the obedient to constant obedience, to a determined resolution to shew forth the Lord's death with an exemplary regularity,—that others seeing their good works may glorify our Father who is in heaven,—and that the kingdom of Christ may be exalted, the aim of the writer is answered.

Elgin, 23d August, 1831.

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A CALL
TO THE
HOLY COMMUNION.

"Do this in remembrance of me."

I.

WHAT! turn away! and seest the Table spread!
The Master calls you to the Holy Feast:
Wish you to live? eat the life giving bread,
Drink of the blessed cup: for Christ hath said
Unless you eat my body, drink my blood,
You have no life in you, no part in God:
Jesus invites, will you not be a guest?

II.

What ! turn away ! when your Redeemer calls !
Must not his love the coldest bosom warm ?
That love, which drew you e'er within these walls
That love, by which the Tempter's kingdom falls,
Does it not tell you that you should obey ?
Does it not chide you when you turn away ?
Does not the wrath of God your soul alarm ?

III.

O ! can you look upon the cross, and see
Your Saviour pay the ransom, for your sin ;
Can you think on that awful hour when he,
Insulted, hung in bleeding agony,
And cried—whilst darkness veil'd the mid-day sky—
“ Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabacthani ! ”
And love like this fail your whole soul to win ?

IV.

Think of the trembling of that sinful race,
When the dread darkness compassed them around ;
When God the Saviour suffered in the place
Of Man, apostate Man, that He might chase
That veil of blackest darkness from the world ;
Whilst Satan, in his fiercest fury hurled
His bolts, and quaked to meet his fatal wound.

V.

Apalling thought ! that man for whom he died
Should taunt the bleeding Saviour in his pain !
They looked on him with scorn ; they did deride
Him for their sport ; insulting, thus they cried,
Others he saved, himself he cannot save.
And cruel too, to quench his thirst they gave
Him gall to drink—yet did he not complain.

VI.

But, lifting up his voice to heaven he prayed
To God—from whence he came—their souls to save.
He knew that they in ignorance had strayed,
And thus the charge he scarce upon them laid—
So mildly he rebukes—His love so true—
“ Father forgive : they know not what they do : ”
Such was the gracious chastisement he gave.

VII.

What love is beaming from the Saviour's eye
Upon the Malefactor by his side !
It yields him joy, it calls his sympathy,
Even in this hour, to hear, the sinner cry
For mercy, “ Lord remember me when thou
Into thy kingdom comest,”—May I bow
Before thy throne, and ever there abide.

VIII.

This scene, beyond the power of man to paint,
 At once with love, and anguish fills the soul :
 The Lord the Saviour, tortured, bleeding, faint,
 By blasphemy and scorn his spirit rent,
 Beholds disciples, kindred weeping near ;
 To penitence he lends his willing ear,
 Assures of bliss when they have reached the goal.

IX.

Th' Angelic guardian throng stand trembling by,
 And, weeping, hide their faces from the view,
 Hear you that voice—that heaven-piercing cry—
 That agonizing groan—that rending sigh,
 Wrung from the heart by more than mortal pain :
 For you it is, O man ! to cleanse the stain
 Of your pollution : it is borne for you !

X.

He treads the wine press, treads it all alone,
 And none to help ; with his own arm he brings
 Salvation, and our ransom pays. Upon
 That spectacle but cast your eye. T' atone
 For you, that brow is pierced with thorns, in gore
 Those temples drenched.—'Tis done ! The struggle's o'er !
 A lifeless corpse, extends the King of kings !

XI.

'Tis Finished ! The awful conflict's o'er !

The Temple's veil—that strong partition's rent
In Twain. The Gentile triumph comes—no more
Are they an outcast race : God doth restore
Them to the privilege of Sons. His fold
Is opened now for all who will lay hold
Of life : Great boon ! through Christ to sinners sent.

XII.

Long did the Jews the privilege possess

Of being the sole favourites of Heaven ;
God was their stay, their succour in distress,
His oracles they had, He did them bless.
Now light has dawned upon the Gentile race,
And in God's favour they have found a place :
A universal ransom now is given.

XIII.

The Rock, their fathers' fortress and their stay—

Who led them through the wilderness of old ;
A wall of fire by night, a cloud by day
To check their enemies, and on their way
To light them forth,—they know not—do not own
Rebellious then,—now more rebellious grown
Fulfill they what the Prophets had foretold.

XIV.

He made them, and unto his own he came ;
 He called them, but his voice they would not hear ;
 In him no comeliness was found for them,
 No beauty that they should desire him. Shame
 From pride arising covered them that he,
 A man of sorrows and of grief, should be
 Declared the Saviour who should appear.

XV.

Afar all from the fold astray have gone,
 But God on him hath our transgressions laid.
 The love which brought him from his father's throne,
 The love, to man, by him in Eden shown,
 He consummates. Though all the powers of heaven
 Are at his nod, his life is freely given,
 He, like a lamb, resigns his guiltless head.

XVI

If this with love doth not the soul enflame ;
 If this calls not soft pity's melting tear ;
 The name you bear is but an empty name ;
 Within your breast yet doth not burn that flame
 Which faith enkindleth ; peace you have not known.
 What was the Father's love to give his Son !
 Before that Father how can you appear ?

XVII.

As Christ has died, so must we die to sin ;
As he in death within the grave was laid,
So must our pride fall to the dust ; within
Our souls his love must reign ; if we would win
An interest in his sufferings, we must all
As helpless babes before his footstool fall,
And plead the great atonement he has made.

XVIII.

Though laid within the grave, death had no power
To hold him in his chains. He broke the bands
By his Eternal might. When troubles lower,
And faith begins to fail, he in the hour
Of our distress is near, to give us aid ;
To break the snare, which for our soul is laid,
And pluck us safe from our destroyers' hands.

XIX.

High in the heavens triumphant now he reigns :
The Angels prostrate fall before his throne
And hymn his praises. But he ne'er disdains
To hear the sinner's cry, when he complains
Of sin's oppression, of its torturing sting,
But sends his willing messenger to bring
The consolation he can give alone.

XX.

Will you afresh that Saviour crucify,
By disobeying his divine commands ?
Think, trembling, what the punishment shall be ;
Think what at last thy awful destiny.
Doth not thy guilty conscience check thee now ?
How shall it cry against the, Slighter, how—
When you before God's dread tribunal stand ?

XXI.

Two ways there are in which a man may go :
The way of Holiness, to life which leads ; .
The way of Sin, which leads to death—And oh !
How many walk within that path, and show
A disregard for their eternal weal :
As if they had by choice resolved to seal
Their own perdition, by their wayward deeds !

XXII.

Remember, Man, that you are not your own,
But bought with a great price. You early, too,
Into a solemn covenant have gone
With God. He doth accept you through his Son :—
And you against your enemies engage—
The Devil, the World, the Flesh—a war to wage
Unceasingly : by Faith you these subdue.

XXIII.

Who hath a better claim unto your love
Than that Great Being, who first fashioned you ;
Made you a living soul, and still doth prove
A tender and a loving friend ; above
All earthly friends by far. He will not fail
You in distress. Trust him, and you'll prevail,
And Satan and his agents all subdue.

XXIV.

A living man's a monument of love !
Who lives and sins not ?—and 'tis death to sin :
Eternal death. Oh ! hasten, then, to prove
Th' extent of God's great mercy ; far above
All earthly treasures—earthly treasures vain
And comfortless are all, yea, are but pain
'Till to the heart love finds an entrance in.

XXV.

God knows the deepest secrets of the heart,
No subtlety of man can him deceive.
The double hypocrite, with all his art—
Though man he may deceive—doth often start
By guilty conscience checked, yet listens not
Unto the gracious call, but adds a blot
'T the blacken'd page, and still to sin doth cleave.

XXVI.

Should such approach the Table of the Lord,
They cannot of the sacrifice partake :
(None but the Soul that's cleansed by the Word,) The poison in the heart makes them still horde
More poison, as the wasp *doth* from the flower
From which the bee draws sweets of strength'ning power.
Their stony heart they try not for to break.

XXVII.

But, humble christian, be not you afraid
To come unto this feast of heavenly love ;
You feel your grievous burden, and for aid
You look to Christ who hath your ransom paid ;
Such is the heart the Lord delights to see ;
A broken and a contrite spirit he
Will ne'er despise. Come and his welcome prove.

XXVIII.

Does ought deter you forward for to go,
And taste the bounty of redeeming love,—
'Tis sin. Then haste to lay the traitor low,
And at the throne of mercy humbly bow :
God will expel the darkness from your soul ;
Your heart no longer Satan shall control ;
Here strength is given to bear the soul above.

XXIX.

Sweet is God's favour; here he shows his face
In love. With open hand this gift of heaven
He gives. For our deserts? No, of Free Grace,
To speak unto the troubled conscience peace;
And wonderful, mysterious, yet true,
He who now spreads this feast of love for you
Is both the giver and the gift that's given!

XXX.

List! hear you not the word of God enquire,
Whom will you serve? What for your portion choose?
If God, Him you must make your whole desire,
And yield your heart, warmed with a holy fire.
He claims your love, nor will a rival own;
All must be his or he accepts of none.
He waits for you to come: Will you refuse?

XXXI.

The door is open, welcome you shall be:
The wanderer from the road he welcomes in;
No pomp, no state, no fine embroidery,
Yet with a humble wedding garment he
Expects your entrance. With a spirit pure
Come clad; this is the badge which will ensure
Acceptance—this is the giver's favour win.

XXXII.

If earthly monarch should prepare a feast,
And make the table groan beneath its load ;
Were you invited for to be a guest
Would you refuse to answer his behest,
If told that those who came, his love should share,
But those who came not, should his anger bear,
And be dispersed by his avenging rod.

XXXIII.

Suppose, that you his favour should deserve,
He wills, that you should be his constant guest ;
That this alone his favour can preserve,—
Knowing that he is true and cannot swerve
From his declared will—would you presume
To slight the mandate ; when you know the doom
Is, “Disobey and you are foes confest.”

XXXIV.

If, thus obedient to an earthly power,
Whose days, like thine, are like a blade of grass ;
His gaudy pomp but like a feeble flower
That flourishes and dies within an hour ;
Whose arm is weak, nor can assistance lend
When troubles lour, and down the spirit bend ;
Whose strength doth like a vapour quickly pass,—

XXXV.

Will you not, then, obedient to the will
Of the Eternal Lord, the King of kings,
Strive his all-gracious mandates to fulfill.
Whose power not only can the body kill,
But can the soul cast down to lowest hell—
There with rebellious spirits for to dwell ;
Or lift it high to heaven on cherubs wings.

XXXVI.

On whom do you for life depend ? what power
Preserves and all that you require provides ?
What term of life : a year, a day, an hour,
Is yours ? Ah ! that you know not ; in the flower
Of life some fall ; some are more early cut ;
Some weather out their four-score winters ; but
He longest lives who earliest decides.

XXXVII.

Is there a man who wishes not to live ?
And we are dead until we live to God.
It is to those that Christ the gift doth give,
To those who feel their weakness, and believe
That he is able all their wounds to heal ;
That he alone can their redemption seal,
And from their shoulder cast sin's galling load.

XXXVIII.

How eager is the Tempter to deceive !

And this the subtle snare he lays, to turn
Even hearts that love the Lord indeed, and grieve
That sin so holds them fast, that they must leave
This heavenly banquet. “ When I’m more prepared
I will approach. But *now* it must be shared
By those whose hearts with warmer favour burn.”

XXXIX.

Oh, see the fallacy of this excuse !

Upon its front sits not the stamp of hell ?
The man his lawful business who pursues,
Would he be heard to say, he did not choose
To accept an offered gift, but it delayed
Till he sufficient of his own had made ;
Then he would it accept his store to swell.

XL.

Says not your heart, a gift were ill bestowed

On such an one ? Your plea is more unsound,
This is the invitation of your God :
“ Come unto me all ye who feel the load
Of sin, a grievous burden for to bear ;
Come weak and wounded, sick and sore, nor fear
But Jesus hath a balm for every wound.”

XLI

Oh, doubt not ! Jesus gave his life for you ;
And is there ought that he will then withhold ?
He claims your love, he claims it as his due ;
Then freely yield your heart, he will renew—
Will purge it of its stains, and make it meet
To be presented at his Father's feet,
Among the hosts of heaven to be enrolled.

XLII.

Firm at his post the subtle Tempter stands
To turn the heart to worship at his shrine ;
And watchful still, if we the Lord's commands
Obey, and taste his bounty ; and our hands
In innocence wash. He whispers then—
“ That feast you never need approach again,
Or just as seldom as you may incline.”

XLIII.

Thus he is ever eager to deceive ;
He like a roaring lion seeks his prey ;
But trembles when he sees a sinner grieve
For sins committed, and for mercy cleave
Unto the cross of Christ, and prostrate fall
In prayer, that that dear blood, once shed for all,
His deepest crimson stains may wash away.

XLIV.

That for the body you no food require
Who could persuade you,—who would dare to say ?
And if the soul's health, therefore, you desire,
And unto closer union would aspire
With God ; for you when he provides a feast,
And freely doth invite you as a guest,
Condemn you not yourself to turn away ?

XLV.

In these degenerate days, in any heart,
How hardly hath the Lord a temple found !
Now like a broken bow aside we start ;
Or roll like mariners without a chart.
How unlike those, who, zealous for their Lord,
Ne'er met to pray and his great acts record
But this love feast their solemn service crown'd.

XLVI.

If in the noisy throng you pleasure find,
And feel it yet a task to live to God ;
If yet to *this* you have not brought your mind,
For Him, to Him to live, you yet are blind,
You have not found the anchor of your hope ;
Like blind Bartimeus along you grope.
Stop—for your erring path must be untrod.

XLVII.

Those in whose heart resides the heavenly dove—

Whom the Bless'd Spirit has from sin's black stain
Cleansed, swept, and garnished, and hath raised above
All earth's unsatisfying stores; which move
The heart to trust in vanity. They who
With all their heart the ways of God pursue,
Unto this feast, to come will not refrain.

XLVIII.

How glorious is the prospect ! Saints around

The table of their Maker and their God !

Here is the soul in closer union bound

To all that's heavenly.—All that's to be found

Approximating to celestial bliss

Is here transcendent. Joy like this

They know not, who tread sin's unhallowed road.

XLIX.

Then raise the song of joy and ever bend

Unto this feast of love your willing feet

To bring you blessings, Angels here attend ;

Then with the welcome news to heaven ascend ;

To spirits sanctified the same they tell :

Uniting all—the chorus high they swell,

And lay the offering at the Saviour's feet.

MORNING.

A SONNET.

See from his couch the mighty monarch rise !
Th' extending clouds retire. Along the skies
Behold, the golden stream afar extends,—
The mountain tops have caught th' enlivening ray,—
Now, like a spreading ocean, it descends
To cheer the valleys. Nature doth rejoice,—
Resuscitated nature springs to view;
From the tall pine upon the mountains bending,
And stately oak—his rugged arms extending,
To trembling hair-bell, dipt in pearly dew.
A thousand throats pour forth their mattin song,
And gentle zephyrs waft the sounds along.
Shall not the NOBLEST WORK be found among
Such as with rapture hail the new born day ?

EASTER MORN,
OR THE
Resurrection of Christ.



Earth from its foundation quakes !
 Angels down from heaven descend,
 Willing their aid to lend :
 The chain of death is broke, the Saviour wakes !
 The grave yields up its precious store :
 (The greatest it shall e'er contain,) .
 Jesus rises for to reign
 Our great Redeemer. He will die no more.
 Jesus triumphs ! Our great King
 Triumphs over death and hell.—
 Man again restored who fell !—
 To sinners Christ doth full salvation bring.

Satan trembles to behold
The great conqueror arise ;
Down from earth to hell he flies :
The wolf unto the Shepherd yields the fold.

Now the Lord hath with his blood
Paid our ransom,—set us free ;
Died, but lives again, that he
May bring the faithful soul unto its God.

See the beams of righteousness
Burst on the benighted world !
The Saviour's banner is unfurled :
Rise, sons of men, with love your thanks express,



THOUGHTS
ON THE
END OF TIME.



I looked beyond terrestrial things,
And saw the last of men expire ;
I heard the Eternal King of kings
Command to set the world on fire.—

'Tis done, and all is now consumed !
A different scene presents my view,
Another form it hath assumed,
And all things are again made new.—

Behold ! the awful trumpet sounds,
The solemn summons fills all space,
Spreads terror through hell's utmost bounds,
Calls every son of Adam's race.

In awful majesty arrayed,
Behold, from heaven the Lord descend !
To see his sovereign will obeyed,
Legions of Angels him attend.

Lo ! what a scene do I behold,
The sea pours forth her mighty store ;
What myriads doth the earth unfold,—
They wake, they wake to sleep no more.

Some deeply pondered on this scheme,
Others the mighty plan arranged,
And some enjoyed the golden dream ;
When in a moment all were changed.

What transport fills the breasts of some,
They look to heaven, and shout for joy,
They thank the Lord the hour is come,
When praise shall all their powers employ.

The Judge pronounces from his throne,—
“ Ye blessed of my Father, come,
“ (Since love and mercy you have shown,)
“ Inherit your eternal home.”

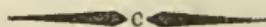
Surcharged with love and gratitude,
To Christ the glory they ascribe :—
“ In us when saw you any good,
“ But what the Spirit did imbibe.”—

How agitated, how forlorn,
These guilty wretches trembling stand ;
They curse the day that they were born,
They dread the Lord's avenging hand.

"Fall on us, O ye hills," they cry,
"And hide us from his angry frown ;
"Shield us from Him who reigns on high,
"Whose awful justice we must own."—

"To regions of eternal fire
"Prepared for Satan and his band
"Depart ye cursed."—In his ire
The mighty Judge doth these command.

Whilst thus to punishment They're doomed,
And own the Judge's just decree ;
The Righteous have their Crowns assumed,
And bear the Palm of Victory !

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget Thee !—Yes I may,—when Phœbus hath,
Beneath the western wave, his chariot driven,
And doth forget again to hail the morn ;

Then may I Forget Thee !

Forget Thee !—Yes I may,—when the broad sea
Hath ceased to be constant, and to swell,
Her spreading bosom, to the faithful Moon ;

Then may I Forget Thee !

Forget Thee !—Yes I may,—when from this heart
The crimson current hath forgot to flow,
And, with my fathers, I am laid to rest ;

Then may I Forget Thee !

But, whilst bright Phœbus hails the new-born day,
And guides his fiery coursers on their way ;—
Whilst the old ocean still doth faithful prove,
And heave her bosom to her constant love ;—
Or, whilst this heart the crimson stream propells,
And still, this pulse, the genial current swells :
Where'er I roam, whate'er may be my lot,
I'll ne'er Forget Thee !—then, Forget Me Not !

A HYMN *BEFORE THE COMMUNION.*



By thee invited, Gracious Lord,
Thy table we draw near ;
Do thou to us thy aid afford,
And make us to appear—

Before thee pure and welcome guests ;
Cleanse us from every sin ;
Let thy good spirit fill our breasts,
And ever dwell therein.

Thus only can we welcome be,
For we unworthy are ;
No fruit can grow upon the tree,
Without thy fostering care.

Then shed on us thy cheering ray,
Increase our faith and love,
Lead us rejoicing on our way,
To endless joys above.

A HYMN

AFTER THE COMMUNION.

All praise to thee, Eternal Lord,
 Who still to sinners dost afford
 The means of grace, though oft abused,—
 Tho' kindly offered, oft refused.

Nought at our hand dost thou require,
 But that thy love we should desire ;
 Knowing that we have nought to give,
 Thou sayest, take, and eat, and live !

We bless thee that thou hast prepared
 The feast for us, which we have shared ;
 The pledge afforded us to prove
 Thy great, thy never ending love.

Tho' we are most unworthy all,
 To gather up the crumbs that fall
 Beneath thy table ; at thy board
 Thou hast received us Gracious Lord.

O may thy Spirit seal our heart,
 And ne'er permit us to depart
 From thy commands. Redeemed by thee
 From sin for ever keep us free.

CONTENTMENT.



What kills adversity, whene'er,
It doth assault our peace ?

What from the eye wipes off the tear,
And smiling makes the face ?

What killeth wrath if it should urge
On us its deadly fire ?

Say what is it the heart doth purge
From every base desire ?

What is it that imparteth joy,
To hearts with anguish riven ?

What giveth bliss without alloy ?
What makes a cottage heaven ?

What is it that would make the scale
So far preponderate,
'Gainst what doth misers' coffers fill ?
'Gainst gilded pomp and state ?

What makes the spirit glow on earth,
With a celestial flame ?
It is a plant of heavenly birth,
CONTENTMENT is its name.

The Shepherd and his Dead Dog.

He stood with his dim eye bent on the ground;
 The mountain breeze played thro' his silver hairs ;—
 Thro' the few silver hairs that yet remained.—
 From his bosom, many a hollow sound
 Escaped ; and many a salt tear found
 A channel through his eye.—Deep with care
 His soul was oppressed ; and his heart how pained !
 On his crook he leaned his trembling frame ;—
 For he shook thro' every nerve.—With a sigh,
 A heavy sigh,—that well told how he felt,—
 He exclaimed, “ Poor Albert !”—and with the name
 He wept afresh ;—yea it quite o'ercame
 The poor old man ;—and he raised on high
 His tear bedimmed eyes, and beside him kneelt,
 ‘ Poor Albert !’—again he exclaimed ;—his arm
 Around the stiff neck of his dog he threw,—
 “ Have I found thee at last, thus cold and dead !—
 My trusty dog, who would ever alarm
 When the wolf descended ; and free from harm
 The flock protected—and swiftly you flew,
 To obey whate'er unto thee I said.

“ Here, thou, alone, for the present shalt rest,
This weeping willow beneath ; but not long
Alone shalt thou lie : for this feeble frame
Shall soon its existence resign, nor blest
Again shall it be, until it doth rest
Beside thee ; my faithfullest friend, among
All that e'er such showed.—Thou wert ever the same!”

A BALLAD.



Beside yon hoary oak, just by
Yon rivulet running clear,
A neat, though humble cottage stood
When last I wandered here.

And on a seat, beneath that tree,
I've sometimes seen recline,
A maid, though clad in homely weed;
That seemed of form divine.

An aged matron by her side,
I too have sometimes seen,
Who looked as if in former days
In better state she'd been.

But now that cottage is removed,
No vestage doth remain ;
Around all desolation seems,
A sad forsaken plain.

Where bloomed the rose, now stands the thorn
Neglected, and o'ergrown
With weeds, and wildness fills the plot
Where fair narcissus shone.

Can you, my friend, to me the cause
Of such a change relate,
For, though I am a stranger, much
I wish to know their fate.

“ The task which you impose is hard,
Yet, since you seem to feel
So much anxiety to know,
Their history I'll reveal.

“ Within yon mansion long they lived,
So happy, and so gay ;
In all the country round were none,
So much beloved as they.

“ The great to them their courtesy paid,
The poor almost adored :
For ne'er would any feel distress,
If they could aid afford.

“ Profusion never marked their path,
Although they freely spread
Their bounty round ; and sought the couch
Where lay the aching head.

“ Sweet Anna seemed an angel, sent
From heaven t' impart relief,
To all whose bosom harboured care,
Or, were oppressed with grief.

“ How oft beside the suffering poor,
The lovely angel kneelt,
And strove by every art to soothe,
The anguish which they felt.

“ Thus like a gentle stream that flows
Along a thirsty mead,
They succoured and refreshed the poor
Around, in time of need.

“ But adverse fortune turned the beam,
And looked them with a frown.—
Yet virtue never will forsake
Whom she has marked her own.—

“ A prey to grief the father fell,—
Not for himself he sighed,
But, for his tender wife and child,—
With grief, for these, he died !—

“ Here I the veil of sympathy
Draw o'er the headless pair ;
They mourned—and all the country round
Their sorrow seemed to share,

“ The mansion left,—to this they came,
And in the humble cot,
That late stood here, they did abide,
Nor seemed to mourn their lot.

“ For he who is the widow's stay,
Who guards the orphan's head,
In poverty yet smoothed the path
Which they were doomed to tread.

“ And well they knew all earthly joys
Are fleeting as the breeze :
That God directs for those he loves,
What best for them he sees.

“ The little which to them remained,
They managed with great skill ;
And oft yet would their liberal hand,
The poor man's basket fill.

“ For sooner would they scrimp themselves
 Of their now scanty store,
Than bear the pang to turn userved
 The pauper from the door.

“ The youth who won poor Anna’s heart,
 When fortune thus had turned,
For all the vows he made before
 To think of her he spurned.

“ But even at disappointed love,
 This maid would not repine ;
With fortitude she met the stroke,
 And did to fate resign.

“ Though grief upon her vitals preyed,
 She strove with all her art,
Her mother to divert from care,
 And comfort to impart.

“ And even, she at times would seem,
 As if her heart were gay ;
And sometimes also she would strive
 To chaunt a cheerful lay.

“ Yet anxiously the mother would,
 With sorrowing bosom, view,
The roses bloom changed in her cheek,
 For the narcissus hue.

“ And oft, when she alone could steal
From every human eye,
Her bosom’s anguish she’d reveal,
To him who hears on high.

“ The name to her, Alas ! too dear,
Would mingle in her prayer ;
Whilst memory call’d up former joys,
She ne’er again could share.

“ For nought in all the world, to her,
Could comfort now impart :—
What anodyne was ever found
To ease a broken heart ?

“ As when the canker nips the bud,
Though unperceived, it dies ;
So faded her angelic form,
And sought its native skies.

“ One even’, beneath that hoary tree,
In attitude of prayer,
The mother found her darling child,
Relieved from all her care.

“ With bursting heart, she kneelt her down,
And clasped the lifeles form :
To realms above her spirit fled,
And ’scaped the raging storm.

" Around their tomb, the village maids
Assemble oft to weep ;
And frequent from the peasant's eye
The tear is seen to creep."

YOU NE'ER SHALL SEE ME MORE.



The wind is in the west,—
My bark has gone to sea,—
She spreads her snow white breast,—
They wait, they wait for me ;
Man the boat—I haste to leave
This once much loved shore ;
False one, since you did me deceive,
You ne'er shall see me more.

My jolly lads—pull off ;—
No wind or tide you fear.
When boreas blows rough,
Kind hope is ever near
For us the anchor firm to hold.—
Haste, haste to leave this shore ;
For, tho' it makes my blood run cold,
I ne'er shall see it more.

THE 'PATRIOT'S ADDRESS.



Hark ! Hark ! 'tis the sound of the bugle I hear,
 Bring quickly my helmet, my target, and spear ;
 'Tis the voice of my country, I cannot delay :
 I must haste—I must haste—to the battle away.

What, though the proud foe, us declare they'll invade,
 We are not of them, nor their boasting afraid ;
 'Tis liberty's cause we espouse, and the arm
 Of the Patriot, soon will the Tyrant alarm.

Ah ! weep not my love, though I leave you a while :
 When the foe is repelled, I'll return to your smile ;
 Amidst danger, and death, I will think upon thee ;
 And thy prayer will bring succour from heaven to me.

My good steed stands panting and pawing the ground,
 When *he* hears, from the distance, the trumpet's shrill
 And, who would refuse to embark in the cause [sound ;
 Of his King, of his Kindred, his Country and Laws !

The Reply.

Farewell ! may the blessing of Heaven attend thee,
 May his arm be extended, to shield and defend thee,
 And, when the usurpers are driven from the plain,
 Return you, in peace, to my embrace again !

MY MINSTREL BOY.

Welcome, dearest Minstrel Boy,—
 Absent—absent every joy :
 Thro' the world with thee I'll roam,—
 Friends forsake—nor think of home.

Home ! with thee the utmost bound
 Of this earth would still be found
 That sweet spot—but wanting thee
 Where were peace or home for me ?

Long this peaceful vale I've trod,
 O'er which the lofty mountains nod
 Their rugged heads ; and waving swell
 Their pine-clad sides in every gale.

Let others court parade and show—
 If such can happiness bestow ;
 It meets *me* on the spangled mead,
 Whene'er I hear thy warbling reed.

When in my hair sweet flowers you wreath,
 And in my ear sweet accents breathe,—
 Where virtue, truth and love conjoin,—
 What happiness can equal mine.

In that little clay-built cot,—
It can never be forgot,—
Many a happy hour I've spent,
Knowing nothing but content.

Soon as Phœbus cast away
His mantle, and did light display ;
Ere his beams the mist had spread,
I had left my heather bed.

Ere the lark had mattins sung,
Or leveret o'er the meadow sprung,
With my fleecy charge, unpenn'd,
I the mountain's side had gain'd.

Oft I've lent a listening ear,
Sweet philomela's strain to hear ;
Oft I've heard the cushat swell
Her *cuing* throat, her love to tell.

Oft I've seen the nimble fawn
Skip along the dewy lawn,—
Play his gambols on the green,—
Heeding not, as if not seen.

In his pride, the eagle too
I've watched when none he thought could view,—
And to its simple bleating dam,
Have rescued, from his fangs, the lamb.

I've often with amazement stood—
When I the mountain-cataract viewed
From the steep rock its waters pour,
And turn to foam, with hideous roar.

Tho' sublime and pleasant these,
They have ceased alone to please ;
But they yield a double joy,
Shared with thee, My Minstrel Boy.

SWEET CUPID WHENCE FLY'ST THOU.



“ Sweet Cupid, whence flyest thou ? O stay ! O stay !
I cannot, I cannot, thus let thee away ;
I ne'er will offend thee ; return, oh ! return !
And leave not thy votary, unpitied, to mourn.”

So spake a fair maid, while she heaved a deep sigh ;—
I saw the young urchin fly heedlessly by ;—
He turned suddenly round, and, with an arch look,
Said, “ I'll ne'er return, Ma'am, your slights I can't brook.”

So saying, he narrowly looked his quiver,
Lest he an arrow had left, and whenever
He saw all was right, with a smile off he set,
And left the poor maiden alone, in the pet.

THE FLIRT.

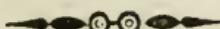


Fond youth beware,
Avoid the snare,
Trust not that smile : there's falsehood there.
Shun the ruby of that lip :
Tasting it you poison sip,
Deadly as the adders' prong,
Or pestilence' contagion strong.

To view that cheek,
Or hear her speak,
You'd fancy her a maiden meek ;
On that breast who would not swear
They should never taste of care ;
But, Alas ! it is not so,
Once pressed, in your's is planted woe !

O ! draw not nigh,
Avoid that eye :
'Tis dangerous its power to try.
In every glance there is a dart
Would wound an adamantine heart :
' If such it only chanced to snare,
There were no cause for sorrow there.

Oh! there's a Charm in Woman's Eye.



Oh ! there's a charm in woman's eye,
The chillest heart cannot withstand ;
A powerful witchery in her sigh,
That bends the soul to her command.

As is the roe, I once was free,
That bounds across our heath-clad hill ;
No chain had I to fetter me,
Than have our mountain's limpid rills.
But there's a charm, &c.

The world's harsh frown I have withstood,
Its menace never daunted me ;
And I have found its visits rude :
My friend hath turned mine enemy.
But there's a charm, &c.

O'er heaps of gold let misers smile ;
Let Bachanals indulge in wine ;
But idle hours for to beguile,
Domestic happiness be mine.
There is the charm of woman's eye,
In all its force and beauty known ;
The melting softness of her sigh
Is on the bosom of HER OWN.

IF I AM BY THEE FORGOT.

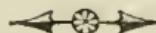
If I am by thee forgot,
 Saucy quean, I'll woo another ;
 For to lo'e wha lo'es me not,
 Mayhap might gie me mickle bother,

I courted you for mony a day,
 Wi' heart as true as e'er had lover ;
 But langer noo I'll nae delay,
 Be mine, or else I'll turn a rover.

'Neath summer suns, when balmy showers
 Bedew the meads, they're fresh and bonny ;
 But when ungenial winter lours,
 O' vegetation is there ony ?

An' wha e'er saw the human breast
 Preserve its tone whan care oppres't it ;
 The object that destroys its rest
 Wha is the man will no' detest it.

THE RESOLVE.



Alas ! Luisa, dear,
 Unbending still I find
 Thy father ;—more severe
 He is, and more unkind.
 He would not lend an ear,
 Nor my petition hear ;
 And this he did convey,
 “ That you must soon obey
 His will, and give your hand
 To whom he shall command.
 That I must seek a distant shore,
 Where I may never see you more.”

 And must it then be so ?
 And must we part for ever ?
 Must you for ever go ?
 Shall I more see you never ?
 I cannot say farewell ;
 O no ! I will rebell.
 A father’s stern command
 Shall not withhold my hand.
 Shall I accompany,—
 Say, shall I go with thee ?
 O ! I shall ne’er from thee be riven
 Until this earth I leave for heaven.

Ah ! dear Luisa, hard
It is to be compelled,
That friend to disregard,
'Gainst whom you ne'er rebelled ;
Yet, since it seems to be,
Of fate, the hard decree,
The deed Heav'n cannot blame ;—
For Love from Heav'n came ;—
You, only, have my heart,
And never shall we part.
Thou shalt be mine, and we shall bear
Thy father's frown—whilst we revere.

Now on th' horizon rests
The glorious god of day ;
The mountain's hoary crests
Are gilded by his ray.
How oft at this still hour,
We've sought the jesmine bower !
How often have we strayed
Beneath the poplar's shade !
But, Allan, though we dare
Not now these pleasures share ;
Hope shall the dreary hours beguile,
And frowns, may dimple to a smile.

A M O R A L.



My favourite bird, 'scaped from its cage,

On fluttering pinions sought in air,

That joy of every bosom—Liberty.

Each object did its eye engage ;—

It plumed its feathers to prepare,

Now unrestrained, to wood or plain to fly.

It skipped about, but scarce knew where,

Or whether it should soar,—for long

Within its cage it had so happy been ;

There many time its sung its song,

And if I listened not to hear

It seemed the little chanter to shagreen.

Some birds it saw, and swiftly flew,

Resolved to join their company,

And roam with them where'er they winged their way ;

But how was it surprised to see

That they no kindness showed, but drew

In column close, preparing for a fray.

A sudden onset made poor Tom
From his companions swift retire :
Unto his cage a sidelong glance he threw,—
Which seemed to say, though I desire
To be at large—yet from a home
So kind I'll not depart,—and in he flew.

With pleasure I received my charge
Again into my bower,—and lie,
If possible, seemed blyther than before.—
Let maids a lesson take from me ;
And tho' their fav'rites go at large,
Wait patiently until their ramble's o'er.

The rogue that vows and can retract,
What folly 'twere for him to vex :
Yet he's too oft the mind that bringeth rain.
The man who *ready loves* ; the sex
Altho' he roam among, no lack
Of faith in him you'll find,—he'll true remain.

A CURE FOR MELANCHOLY.

'Tis vain to hope for what's not to be found :
 What really is we must expect to see.
 Man is the same, go search the world around :
 The man of Wisdom is a prodigy.

And what have I whereof I dare to boast ?
 What am I more than those who throng the world ?
 Alas ! I am the least of all that host,
 Deserving to perdition to be hurled.

The storm rolls on, and I must sink apace ;
 I have no strength to bear myself above ;
 Here I can hope to find no resting place,—
 Here find no object worthy of my love.

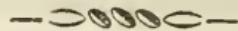
But, there is one who claims my heart and soul,
 And He to succour me is ever nigh,
 Tho' Satan's subtle agents round me prowl ;
 He'll cast them down, and raise me up on high.

When from the o'ercast sky dark clouds descend,
 And clothe our region in a dismal gloom,
 Thro' which the sun no cheering beam can send,
 But nature all seems sinking in the tomb.

So, shaded is my soul by clouds of sin,
Dark, dense, and deep, that scarcely can a ray
Of righteousness there find admittance in :
How dark the soul where Satan holds the way !

But I shall trust in the Redeemer's name ;
I'll hope his blood shall wash my guilt away,
And kindle in my soul a holy flame,
To lead me onward to eternal day.

THE PORTRAIT.



Oh ! I could look upon it till my eye
Had ceased to trace a line, and should a sigh
Escape, who would me blame, or even though
That eye, that every feature loves so trace,
Should from its font let every tear-drop flow,
Who would revile,— for on that lovely face
I looked e'er I could lisp a mother's name ;
I met a look of love—of love sincere—
Of love unfading—a maternal flame—
Enkindling love reciprocal, devoid of fear.

True, 'tis a portrait—Oh ! 'tis but a feint—
A feint representation of the face ;
And in itself a trifle—valueless,
But showing, what the artist could not paint,
To my mind's eye. A mother's portrait who
Can look upon unmoved ! The finest scene
Which nature spreads before us we may view :
The sun majestically rising from
His rest, and in his gilded chariot hastening on
His course, in glorious splendour. Or the queen
Of night, within her silver sledge, along
Her brilliant spangled course soft gliding. Roam
Throughout this Isle,—to wood or heath clad hill,
Or valley green, or flowry mead, the lone
Top of the towering mountains, or among
The rugged cliffs, or ruined towers,—broad lakes,
By rushing river, or by rippling rill ;
And viewing scenes like these the soul partakes
Of pleasures vast, diversified, and grand.
But there's a charm, wrought by no fairy hand,
About a mother's portrait—that alone
What we have left to represent her form—
Which in itself were little,—nothing,—but
It calls to mind the worth that brightly shone
In her—midst fortune's calm, midst fortune's storm.

Ere by cold death her lovely lips were shut,
I had th' advantage of her sage advice :
“ Religion make your early, only choice,”
Her precept was; with care she paved the way ;
She taught my knee to bend—my tongue to pray,
She led me to the courts—where from his throne
The Lord looks down with pleasure on his own.
“ Be it your study ever to draw near
The courts of God, that you his voice may hear ;
‘Twas he that formed you, he it is sustains :
Who gains his love, more than the world he gains.
Thine own strength trust not, but on him rely,
And he your hope will fully justify.
Seek you his Spirit, he will it impart,
And write his image on your youthful heart ;
There fixed, it ever will maintain its place,
Until you see your Maker face to face.”
Thus in the way of righteousness she led—
For this more anxious than my daily bread,—
In that not wanting,—and with fervent zeal,
That I the inward power might also feel,—
That God would make me his peculiar care,
To heaven arose the anxious mother's prayer.

LOSSIE BANKS.

On Lossie banks, so sweet an' fair,
 I love to stray at day's decline ;
 Tho' age has silvered o'er my hair,
 I think on joys o' auld lang syne.
 For here I'd aft wi' Anna rove,
 When I was in my youthfu' prime ;
 An' here I aft the garland wove,
 Amang her raven locks to twine.

Along its course this winding stream
 Flows sweetly as it flowed before ;
 An' thro' its limpid flood do swim
 As sportively its finny store.
 On ilka brier the birdies sing,
 As sweet as they were wont to do ;
 And on its banks the flowerets spring
 In all their variegated hue.

And Anna, faithful to her vow,
 Has still to me been leal an' true,
 Tho' rolling years hae marked my brow,
 Yet ilka day brings joys anew.
 Ye who now roam in youthfu' prime,
 By Lossie's gentle flowing stream,
 Whilst love invites, embrace the time,
 For once escaped, 'twill not reclaim.

PHILLIS WILL YE BE MY LASSIE?

Phillis will ye be my lassie ?

Phillis will ye be my lassie ?

Ye ken I lo'e ye unco weel,

Sa be na to your wooer saucy.

Altho' the Laird has footh o' lan',

He hasna heart to mak' an happy ;

An' wha wad hae for a good-man

A dosint, auld, an' camsbuch tawpy ?

Phillis, &c.

Tho' mailins braid I dinna boast,

I hae eneugh to mak' us canty ;

Nor mair, mayhap, wi' care I'm crost,

Than they, o' gowd wha are sae vaunty.

Phillis, &c.

The lambkins sport out o'er the lea,

The mavis in the thorn is cheery ;

Sae, Phillis, happy wad I be,

Gin ye'd consent to be my deary.

Phillis, &c.

Fell snug's my bothie, an' to thee

I'd gladly gie the nook that's beilest :

Ye hae my heart, gie thine to me,

Gin love or pity now thou feelest.

Phillis, &c.

I OWR LANG HAE BEEN MY LANE.



I owr lang, I owr lang, I owr lang hae been my lane ;
I never would advise a man to be sae dreigh as I hae been.

For manhood's prime is sure the time,
We should a lassie mak' our ain ;
Sae wiser be, lest ye may dree,
A' ye wha single yet remain.

I owr lang, &c

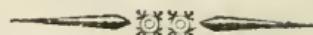
Altho' ye on the list hae come
O' bachelors—a hated gang,—
Yet be ye wise, nor bliss despise,
An' lie alane the cauld night lang.

I owr lang, &c.

Sure ne'er can ye sae stupid be,
But see the misery o' this lot ;
In life nae ae true frien' ye'll hae,
When dead, unpitied be forgot.

I owr lang, I owr lang, I owr lang hae been my lane : [been.
But tak' ye tent, for ye'll repent gin ye're as dreigh as I hae

OH ! WHETHER ART THOU GONE, MY LOVE.

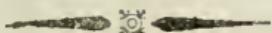


Oh ! whether art thou gone, my love,
And left me here to mourn ;
Oh ! whether art thou gone, my love,
And wilt thou ne'er return ?
Short syne I was the happiest maid
That ever lo'ed a swain,
But now the saddest maid am I
That treads the village plain.

Oh ! whether, &c.

High beamed my hope, but lack a day,
In clouds my sun has set ;
But, tho' my love should ne'er return,
Oh ! I can ne'er forget.
But he can never prove untrue,
Nor e'er forget the vows
He made to me, where aft we met,
Amang the heather knows.
Oh ! whether art thou gone, my love,
And left me here to mourn ;
Oh ! haste again to meet thy love,
Who sighs for thy return !

A PINCH OF SNUFF.



On earth there are comforts both many and great,
But one well deserveth the uppermost seat ;
Dare any dispute it, there logic is buff,
For what can compare with a pinch of snuff ?

Mother Earth from her lap yields us many rich feasts,
She variety has for the various tastes :
Tea she yield for the ladies, that vilest of stuff !
For us she yields plenty of excellent snuff.

O, Royal Tobacco ! how mighty thy powers !
Thou'rt the noblest of herbs, the sweetest of flowers !
Thou'rt the acme of bliss ! if that's not enough,
Thou art—thou art every thing, glorious snuff !

I meet with a friend, we are cheerful a while,
But dim burns the lamp if ye add not the oil;
I meet with a scurvey earth-pest, he looks gruff,
Till I temper his steel with a pinch of snuff.

At times I have met with a man who appeared
My friend to my face—though behind me he sneered ;
All such I despise, I regard not their puff,
They're not worth what falls of a pinch of snuff.

The billows of life whilst I'm basting, I strive
To bury dull care, and to keep hope alive ;
When this for philosophy turns *supertough*,
Then I need but apply to a pinch of snuff.

The prince and the peasant find pleasure from thee,
Thou art the catholicon mighty rapee :
Let the world smile upon us, or give us a cuff
Thy charms are the same, most delectable snuff.

When the little blind god makes his pastime of me,
And adrift sends my bark on love's perilous sea ;
When the wind bloweth softly, then closely I luff;
If a storm rise—I just take a pinch of snuff.

Who will not unite now in singing the praise
Of this highest bliss, in this sweetest of lays,
He's the basest of metal, his surface is rough ;
Till he's polished he shant have a pinch of snuff.

EVELINE.



' I've wandered far, I've wandered near,
Throughout bleak moors, and forests drear,
From morning's dawn, to evening's shade,
In search of a poor injured maid.

' Oh! tell me, comely youth, if you
Have seen, with eyes of lovely blue,
With cheeks like roses, heart so kind,
Her, whom in vain I've sought to find ?

' Those traces once did mark her form :
But now I doubt the canker worm,
That in her tender heart is placed,
This lovely image hath effaced.

' 'Tis needless to delay to tell
The injury, that did compell
Her for to leave her once loved home,
A wanderer thro' the world to roam.

' How oft, alas ! o'erstrained care
Destroys the fairest of the fair ;
Whilst plants, resigned to nature's hand,
In all their loveliness expand.

‘ I fear by the lone mountain’s side,
That, she o’ercome with grief, has died ;
Where but the screech-owl hovered near,
Her latest parting prayer to hear,

‘ Or to the raging surge’s foam—
Her bosom’s anguish to o’ercome—
That she her lovely form has given,
That her pure soul might rest in heaven.

‘ But tell, O ! tell me, if you know
Ought that can ease my load of woe ;—
Say have you heard of, have you seen
My lovely, injured Eveline ?’

‘ Can you be he, whom I have heard
Did this poor maid so disregard,
And from your plighted faith depart,
When you had won her faithful heart ?

‘ Can you be he who vowed you ne’er
Would call another maid your dear,
But unto her would faithful prove ;
Yet slighted all your vows of love ?

‘ Yes, I have heard.—You well may weep—
That she has sleep’d her latest sleep.
But dear to her even unto death,
Thy name hung on her parting breath,’

‘ To heaven, then hath her spirit fled ?
My Eveline lies with the dead !
No ! with the living,—with her God !
And I must bear his chastening rod,

‘ Here as a recreant must I stray ;
No more enjoy the light of day,
Nor taste of pleasure till I join,
In heaven, my injured Eveline.

‘ Injured, Alas ! but not by me ;
My soul is from that torture free.
Revile me not—I’m not to blame—
My truth would not an angel shame.

‘ Injured ! Oh Cursed !—If I dared
To curse and hope that I’d be heard ;—
I faithful was, my heart sincere,
But Demon tongues had reached her ear,

‘ Had so instilled, by fiendish art,
The deadly poison to her heart,
Till love to jealousy had turned ;
Whilst I anon her silence mourned.

‘ To desperation driven at last,
Like chaff before the tempest’s blast,
I hither hasted, for to find
My Eveline, so ever kind.

‘ But how my tortured spirit grieved,
To find how she had been deceived !
We both are injured, she is gone !
And I am left to mourn alone.’

Dim turned his eye—he wildly gazed ;
Convulsed—his face he heavenward raised.
‘ Break, O my heart ! He sinking cried,
‘ Would she had lived, and I had died.’

‘ Kind heaven forbid ! Oh ! live and see
Your injured Eveline in me,
’Tis more than life to find you true ;
I live, and only live for you.’

He lifts his eyes—he sees ’tis so.—
She her disguise away doth throw.—
In locked embrace, and bursting heart,
They vow to heaven they ne’er shall part.

‘ Nor relatives ; nor friends professed—
With black deceit within their breast—
Shall e’er, by subtilely, deceive,
Or cause our faithful hearts to grieve.’

Envaluable Flowers.



Fate in my path a flower threw,
And fondly it I cherished :
And as I nourished so it grew.
Struck deeper and more fragrance shed.

“ Friendship sincere,” I did it name,
(On earth, Alas ! but seldom found
More stable than a morning dream,
Or the sweet lute’s expiring sound.)

I prized it above any flower,
That ever I possessed before ;
How should I not ? for it had power
My drooping spirits to restore.

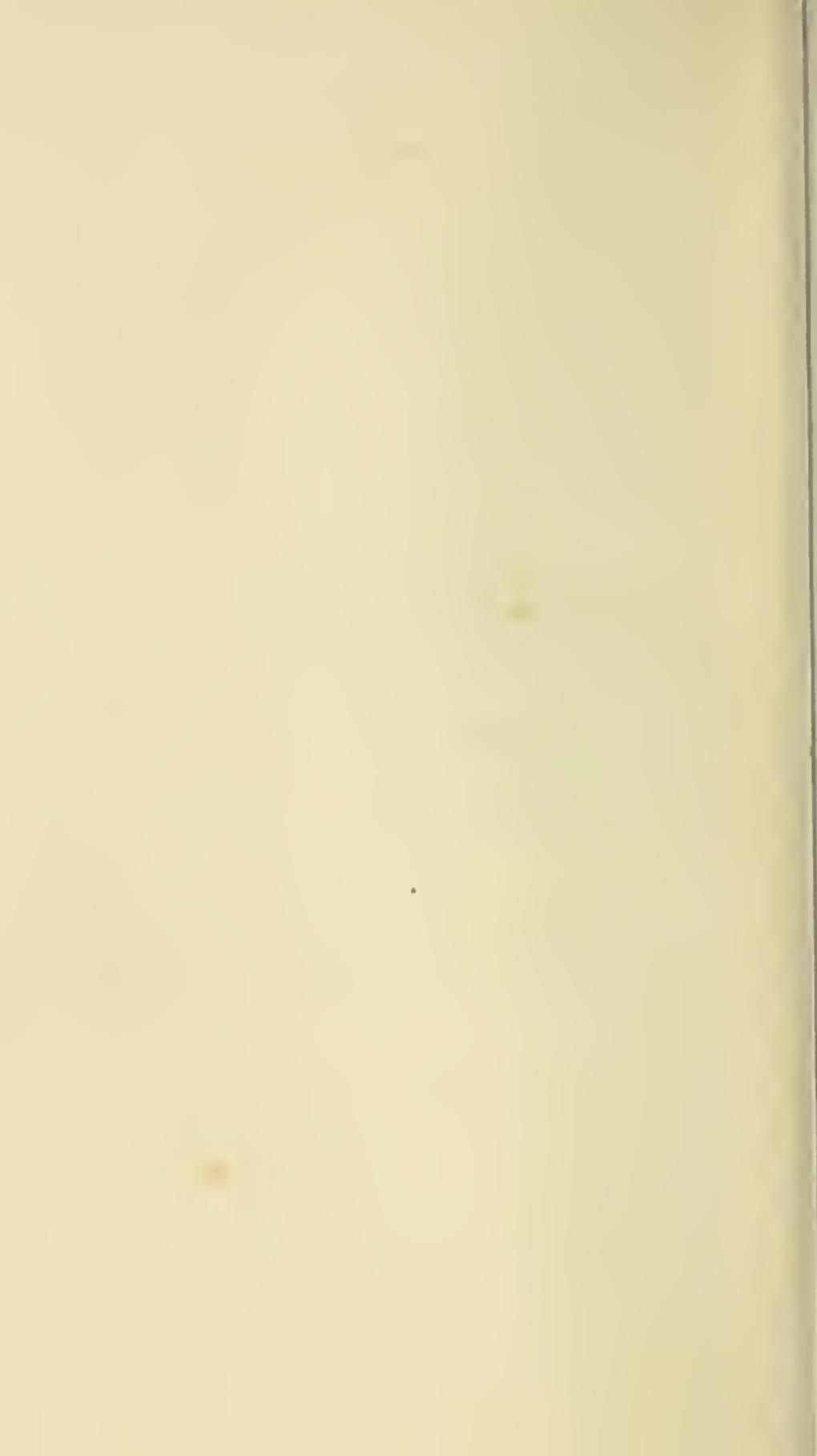
I prized, I cherished, and it bloomed ;
With pride I saw its form expand :
I nursed it still, till it assumed
A form more lovely and more bland.

Its form it changed, it changed its name ;
'Tis no more friendship, and doth prove
Friendship will change.—Yet, changed, the same
Remain.—Unchanged—it changed—to Love.

SONNETTEER.

See you one there with paper, ink, and pen,
An eye as if 'twould look you through and through ;
Now scraps a line or two, stops short, and then,
With looks as independent as a king,
Glances the scribble o'er, and waits the flow
Of future favours from the sacred nine ;
(For more he cannot until they incline
His pen to guide.) now flushed like smiling spring,
With compressed lips, drawn temples, each nerve braced,
He feels the impulse, and proceeds again,
Till every flowing sentiment is traced.
What writes he for ? (he seems a happy elf,)
For glory ? No !—For gain ? For gain ! O, No ?
To please the public ? No !—To please himself.

F I N I S .



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